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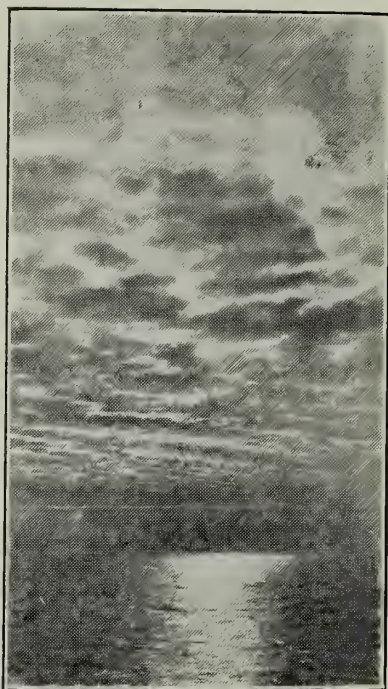


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TO
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WE, THE CLASS OF NINETEEN
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THIS SMALL TOKEN
OF OUR ESTEEM

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***BERNICE SMITH**

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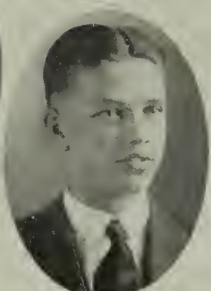
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SAMUEL McPHETRES

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FRANK PERRONE

French Club '22.





VIOLA BOSTROM
Latin Club '19, '20.



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EVELYN INGALLS



DORA HANNAFORD



***ETHEL SMITH**



***DORIS PENDLETON**



CATHERINE DEVLIN
Contio Latina '18.



***RUTH GARDNER**
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'22; Class Secretary '21.



***MARY HUTCHINSON**



DORIS ORPIN

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VERNA COFFIN

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RUTH COLSON

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Latin Club; French Club '22; Science Club.

MARIE McCANN

FRANCES WORMHOOD

Basketball.

ELEANOR McLATCHIE

***DAISY WHITMAN**





FRANK SAVEL



JOHN BOSTROM



CHARLES STAVREDES

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RAYMOND MUNRO



JOHN RAYNES

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HYMAN EDNAS

Debating Club '22; Spanish Club '21.



DAVIS BELCHER



SAMUEL BRANZ

French Club '22.



WILLIAM MORRISON

Track '21, '22; Senior Play '22.



DAVID LAVIEN

French Club '22; Science Club '22.

MARGARET MUNRO

Spanish Club '21; Basketball '19-'22.

***ALICE AHEARN**

***AUGUSTA FINGOLD**

Spanish Club; Political Rally, Socialist Speaker '21.

DOROTHY RIGG

ALBINA MAROTTA

HELEN FLANAGAN

***MILDRED FRANK**

Spanish Play '21; Spanish Club '21.

***ANNA NATHANSON**

Basketball.

MILDRED BURKE

Spanish Club '19, '20.

MARY MORAN



**MARION DEALY**

Spanish Club '19.

**EVELYN GILLESPIE**

French Club '22.

**MARY WHITE**

Chairman, Freshman Social Committee '19; Social Committee '20, '21; Class Day Committee '22; French Club.

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French Club '22; Vaudeville '21.

**ADA ROSENBERG*****SARAH FOSTER**

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***RAE PERLMUTTER**

Spanish Club '20; Spanish Play '21; Volley Ball Team '20.

**ROSE LIBERMAN****MABEL MITCHELL**

French Club '22.

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Treasurer of the Senior Class



DEBORAH SIMONS

*HELEN MURLJACICH
Spanish Club '21; Spanish Play '21.



DEWEY OLOFSON



CLARENCE HORTON

ELLEN HALEY



RUTH SWIFT
Latin Club; French Club '22.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

Beatrice Abrams—It matters not what you are thought to be, but what you are.

Alice Ahern—A kind and gentle heart she has to comfort friends and foes.

Bertha Alexander—Two heads are better than one.

Madelaine Anthony—Her bark is greater than her bite.

Margaret Barter—Oh! The heart is a free and fetterless thing.

Viola Bostrom—Better being meek than fierce.

Celia Branz—Sing again with thy sweet voice revealing a tone of some world far from ours.

Mildred Brittain—A Briton, even in love, shall be a subject not a slave.

Ethel Brooks—Consider her ways and be wise.

Clara Brown—Knowledge is more than equivalent to force—so cheer up.

Mildred Burke—Such a way she dances.

Helen Cammall—Thou source of all my bliss—and all my woe.

Sadie Cherney—Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none like pretty Sally.

Verna Coffin—Begone! Dull Care! Thou and I shall never agree.

Ruth Colson—But to see her is to love her.

Benlah Cooper—As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

Doris Cunning—You give no tongue to your thoughts.

Eleanor Daniels—Up—up my friend and quit your books; let Nature be your teacher.

Marion Dealy—Come, give us a taste of your quality.

Catherine Devlin—O wearisome condition of humanity!

Dorothy Donovan—If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Gertrude Ednas—Oh could you view the melody and music of her face, you'd drop a tear seeing more harmony than you now hear.

Doris Enos—Of manner gentle, of affection mild. In wit a woman—simplicity a child.

Ruth Evans—She that is fair and never proud, has tongue at will and yet never loud.

Florence Exley—Honest labor bears a lovely face.

Mary Fielding—I'll guarantee her wholehearted.

Augusta Fingold—Young in limbs, in judgment old.

Helen Flanagan—Dance on with me.

Sarah Foster—I resolved to grow fat and look fair at forty.

Mildred Frankenstein—I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

Helen Fraser—Little Lamb, who made thee?

Stella Galassi—Studious of ease and fond of humble things.

Ruth Gardner—'Tis very rare that we find wisdom in youth.

Evelyn Gillespie—I can't recall what the dickens his name is.

Ellen Haley—Happy am I; from care I am free.

Dora Hannaford—Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherub.

Viola Harron—The hand that hath made thee fair hath made thee good.

Alice Haskell—Tush! Tush! Fear boys and bugs.

Mary Hutchinson—The sweetest garland to the sweetest maiden.

Evelyn Ingalls—Let the world slip.

Mary King—Meek and gentle I am.

Margaret Knipe—Bid me talk and I will enchant your ears.

Mildred Levine—It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Rose Liberman—Be good sweet maiden, and let those who will be wise.

Mary Lochhead—Nature's noblest work.

Mary Lyons—Up rose the sun and up rose Mary.

Albina Marotta—Merry as a marriage bell.

Marie McCann—She's a winsome wee thing.

Eleanor McLatchie—Silence is the most perfect herald of joy.

Dorothy Miskelly—Home-keeping youth hath ever homely wits.

Mabel Mitchell—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Mary Moran—I speak in a monstrous little voice.

Maragret Munro—Consider the little mouse, how sagacious an animal she is.

Helen Murljacich—You're a busy, busy little bee.

Louise Murphy—Write me as one who loves his fellow men, and lo! Easie's name led all the rest.

Anna Nathanson—Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, no winter in thy year.

Sadie Nickerson—I hate the day because it lendeth light to see all things, but my love to see.

Mary Nugent—Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

Doris Orpin—Books, or work or healthful play?

Kathryn Patterson—Who goeth a-borrowing goeth a-sorrowing.

Elsa Pearson—Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Doris Pendleton—"Many hands make light work."

Rae Perlmutter—Unthinking, idle, wild, and young—She laughed and danced and talked and sung.

Marion Phipps—Her very smiles are fairer far than smiles of other maidens are.

Dorothy Rigg—Have you summoned your wits from wool gathering?

Ada Rosenberg—A mother's pride, a father's joy.

Florence Royle—Hands of little employment hath a daintier sense.

Dorothea Schueler—Where looks are fond and words are few.

Deborah Simons—Maidens like moths are ever caught by glare.

Bernice Smith—So sweetly she bade me adieu, I thought she bade me return.

Edith Stewart—She's just one vast substantial smile.

Ruth Swift—Sweet and pretty she seems to be.

Charlotte Trowbridge—If she has any faults, she leaves us in doubt.

Katherine Welton—I live and love.

Bessie Wessells—When once the heart of a maiden is stolen, the maiden herself will steal after it soon.

Mary White—All her faults are such that one loves her still the better for them.

Daisy Whitman—Diligence increaseth the fruit of toil.

Minerva Whittier—The very pink of perfection.

Elizabeth Whittemore—Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven.

Frances Wormhood—A penny for your thoughts.

Philip Ruskin—And while I at length debate and beat about the bush.

John Raynes—Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

William Russell—Early to bed and early to rise.

Alfonso Sanders—A friend is never known until a man hath need.

Frank Savcl—The greatest clerks are not the wisest men.

Kenneth Sawin—A fellow of most infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

Hymen Silverstein—The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Albert Smith—Who to himself is law, no law does need.

Sidney Stevenson—I dare do all that may become a man.

J. Charles Stavredes—To put a girdle around the world.

James Stokes—If she is not fair to me—what care I how fair she be?

Raymond Sullivan—Men of few words are the best.

Malcolm Tasker—A man can die but once.

Harold Turner—Oh, what may man within him hide!

Alton Wells—If I can't pay—well, I can owe.

Howard Winterbottom—I care not for pleasure when I play not.

Harold Young—"But judge you as you are?"

Kenneth Johnson—Full wise is he who himself knoweth.

J. Winthrop Joyce—They say miracles are passed.

Norwood Kellenberger—I charge thee, fling away ambition.

David Lavien—As merry as the day is long.

George Lawler—My man's as true as steel.

William MacKusick—The best thing I know between France and England is the sea!

William Macquarrie—He will give the devil his due!

Francis Mahaney—You are not like Cerebus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

Richard McClintock—Better late than never.

Joseph McIntyre—Hang sorrow! Care would kill a cat; therefore let's be merry.

Samuel McPhetres—The motions of his spirit were dull as night.

William Morrison—Well said, that which was laid on with a trowel.

Raymond Munro—It is meat and drink to me.

Dewey Olafson—A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

Willard Paine—The proverbs say many small men make a great.

Frank Perrone—Mad as a March Hare!

Walter Peterson—And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

Edward Atcherly—Rome was not built in a day.

Deane Baker—He is kind who does kind deeds.

John Barry—He was a very perfect, gentle knight.

Davis Belcher—Man proposes, but God disposes.

Harry Benson—So nimble and so full of subtle flame!

Laurence Bicknell—A being breathing thoughtful breath.

Sidney Blandford—One ear heard, at the other out it went.

John Martin Bostrum—It hurteth not the tongue to say fair words.

Samuel Branz—Let me stand to the higher chances.

Fred Campbell—Love me little, love me long.

Arthur Davis—Of a good beginning cometh a good end.

John Eaton—Better one bird in the hand than ten in the wood.

Hyman Ednas—And when he is out of sight, he's quickly out of mind.

Clarence Erwin—Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold.

James Footc—He is returned, and is as pleasant as ever was.

James Fraser—A bold, bad man.

Hayden Freeman—Who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.

Howland Freeman—I am not in the roll of common men.

Winthrop Gordon—Fain would I, but I dare not.

John Gore—I know on which side my bread is buttered.

Robert Hazel—I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

LUNA

I.

I think of her always as an elderly dame,
And so I have given her this beautiful
name—

Madame la Lune, oh moon so fair,
How much I would give to be with you
there!

II.

Yon cloud which is slowly unfurling
Is her silvery gray hair around her curling;
The stars are the links in her diamond neck-
lace;
The sky's azure veil at dawn hides her face.

III.

Who was ever of more noble birth?
Who is more fair than she on earth?
Who has jewels with hers to vie?
Fairest Luna, queen of the sky!

CATHERINE GRADY '23.

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

The sofa sagged in the center
The shades were pulled just so,
The family had retired,
The parlor light burned low.
There came a sound from the sofa
As the clock was striking two,
And the co-ed slammed her text-book
With a thankful—"Well, I'm through!"

TO-MORROW.

Friend,
Did you e'er stop to think as you tread Life's
way
What is To-morrow as compared with To-
day?
To-day is reality, To-morrow just dreams,
A land filled with Hope and Promise, it
seems.
When all goes wrong and your heart's filled
with sorrow,
"Wait," say they all, "joy comes with the
morrow!"
When your heart's downcast, and clouded
the sky
Rest assured and in peace till the sweet bye
and bye.
On what would we lean, how hide our sor-
row,
If ne'er in our hearts was the hope of To-
morrow?
Oh, To-morrow's a friend in the deepest dis-
guise,
Our rainbow of promise, our star in the
Skies!

CATHERINE GRADY '23.

LAND LUBBER: Must be deuced lonely
job keeping that light house over there.

CAPTAIN: Yes, the last keeper used to
play poker with himself all the time until
one night he caught himself cheating and
shot himself to death.



LITERARY

THE MAN FROM MARS.

Martiel sat gloomily on a fallen log in the old orchard where the shadows of night were fast falling among the freshly blossomed apple trees. Her back was turned to a cozy little white cottage where lights already began to appear and a savory odor of supper drifted down to the orchard.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" moaned Martiel, "I wish there were no such things as men, I hate Bob and I hope I will never see or have to speak to him again."

At that moment a great full moon began to peep over a distant hill, and it was not long before Martiel could be distinctly seen in its light. She had beautiful blonde hair that curled loosely around her lovely face. Her complexion was the light color that makes all women envious. Her blue eyes could never be equalled and her perfect mouth was set off by a handsome set of pearly teeth.

Suddenly she was dazzled by a light floating through the sky so bright that it outshone the moon. Finally it stood still right in front of her, and began to dim so that gradually she was able to look at it. Then in its midst she distinguished the form of a man. Her head began to whirl and she felt faint. The light went out and there in front of her stood the most stunning young man anyone had ever dreamed about.

"W-who who or what are you?" she gained courage to ask as his handsome mouth curved into the most charming smile she had ever witnessed.

"I am a man from Mars," was the reply, "you seemed so beautiful here in the moonlight that I could not resist coming to you."

"But," gasped Martiel, "the people on Mars have eyes as big as saucers, mouths and noses like the birds, their bodies are shaped like that of an ostrich, and their long legs are human, while they have claws for hands. You are so wonderful that I would take you for a Prince Charming."

"Well, you see for yourself that we are not such horrid animals," he quietly assured

her. "Until you people can communicate with Mars, I shall be able to stay here only a few minutes at a time. Do you like me well enough to meet me here each evening in the moonlight?"

"Yes."

Then she extended her hand to him, but he quickly drew away.

"I can come no nearer than this to you," he explained, pointing out the distance between them. Then swiftly as a flash he disappeared.

As the days passed she told no one of her affair in the orchard. She studied, studied and studied astronomy from early morning until the hour she was to meet the man from Mars. She had grown to love this man more than she realized anyone could love; so the moments she passed with him were like dreams, too good to be true. All night long she would dream of his beautiful dark wavy hair and of his deep brown eyes. It seemed to her that she could never live without him.

People began to be in awe of her because she became so dreamy. All her admirers began to stay away, much to her content, and even her mother would look pityingly at her and say to herself, "Poor child, she is rapidly losing her mind." But all this did not bother Martiel, she lived only for this strange man.

One day she invented an apparatus with which to communicate with the people on Mars. Everyone thought this a crazy idea, but it was to be given a trial while she was in the orchard that evening. Her lover came as usual with his open admiration of Martiel and while talking to her his expression suddenly changed and he ran to her with outstretched arms crying, "I knew you would succeed," and he took her fondly into his arms. To Martiel this was heaven come true and in the enchanting moment she wished that this might last forever and ever. As their lips met she was suddenly seized with terror and chills went up her back. This wonderful man had suddenly changed to one of the imaginary hideous creatures that inhabit Mars.

She was stiff with fright and her voice seemed to be paralyzed. The seconds in this creature's claws seemed years. At last she managed to shriek so loud that she woke herself up, and only Martiel can tell you how nice it is to inform yourself that it was "only a dream."

MATILDA STONE '23.

THE MOOSE'S LAST STAND.

A Canadian blizzard, in all its force, held full sway. It swept over hill and plain, lake and forest; roaring and raging with terrible fury; covering the icy lakes, dressing the bare trees and banking up high drifts on the plains. It blew as if thousands of unloosed demons were behind each tiny flake: while over all, everywhere, a cold, bleak, whiteness settled.

An immense bull moose, high and powerful at the shoulders, lower but just as powerful at the haunches, with long, many-pronged antlers, forced his way through the stinging, driving snow. With even, mechanical steps, taking great care to avoid the deep drifts, he made his way slowly forward. Just ahead the protecting woods awaited him; just how far he did not know, for distances were hard to judge in the swirling snow. Behind him lay the vast, bare expanses of open plains which to him meant death.

Presently, in the distance, the vast roll of white showed a long, dark blotch across it. The moose lengthened his stride, for that black blur meant the woods and protection from the winds and storm.

Now, as he neared it, the snow became less deep and the wind lessened in fury. But just as he was bounding along thinking of his rest, soon to be had, he heard the cry of the wolf-pack.

This, to him, was worse than ten such blizzards as were now raging, and with a speed which seemed almost impossible to attain, he went bounding along towards the woods, becoming more angry at each bound. The wolves were fast closing in. The old moose, however, was a wise and sagacious fighter and he knew it to be the better policy to keep to the edge of the wood. He was filled with anger at the thought that he, who had never been beaten by one of his own kind, was running from a band of wolves.

It weighed on his mind until he could stand it no longer, and he resolved to kill at

least one of them. So waiting until they came closer and then turning, he charged, trumpeting his anger and defiance in such terrible volume that it echoed and re-echoed across the plain.

The wolves were taken by surprise and they parted panic-stricken before the monstrous form, but not until one of them had paid the supreme sacrifice on the prongs of the moose.

The moose knew, however, what he was doing. Quickly, before they could recover, he dashed on again in the weird race. Again they followed, until the moose, still imbued with courage and confidence from his last performance, resolved upon another charge. This time, when he made for them, several attacked him; but before that desperate, raging charge, they could not sink in their fangs; and again the bull got away unharmed.

Now he felt elated; this was agreeable; it showed that he had some chance to spring in, to kill, and to get away unharmed. It made him feel proud, for now he was himself again. But still he had sense enough to know that the trick should not be played too often; for if any of that crazed and hungry pack once landed on him securely, he knew that he would fall beneath their very weight of numbers and sink to a positive death.

So he thought seriously of the best thing to do. This running fight would not pay him in the end; it was impossible to keep it up very long, and he would surely, sometime, be caught. Therefore the wisest thing for him was to try to out-distance them. So he put on speed and raced on and on, so swiftly that he left the wolves a little farther behind than previously.

But one of them, a big, gaunt brute, silent and grim, crept nearer and nearer to his quarry, so near, in fact, that he presently made a flying leap for those bounding haunches. He fell short of his mark but managed to rip open the flesh along the leg bone as he came down to the ground.

This seemed to make the moose angrier than ever, and with a sudden, whirling turn, he faced them, head down. With hoofs flying wildly, antlers tossing furiously, and long, frightful, bellows of pain and anger coming from his mouth, he dashed into the pack. Some scattered at his charge, others sprang at him, but none seemed able to hang on.

Like some demon he fought, slashing to

right and to left, front and back, with his cloven feet, tearing and gashing, and making fur and bodies fly with his heavy horns, all accompanied by ear-splitting cries that would have shaken the heart of the bravest of the brave.

For a good three minutes he battled, a goodly time considering the odds, dealing death, like some mythical monster, amidst the cries and yelps of the pack.

But soon the inevitable occurred; one of the wolves landed on his back and stuck there. Even then the moose kept his head. He bounded straight up in the air and came down with his four feet stretched stiffly out.

The shock was terrific, and the wolf fell to the ground, to be struck down beneath those terrible hoofs.

Here again the old moose found time to use his head and, having battled enough for a time, he bounded on ahead; while the wolves remained to feast on the seven dead wolves that he left behind him. But these were soon devoured and again the moose was remembered. Now they were fiercer, angrier, and more persistent than ever, for the scant meal just eaten had served only to increase their appetite.

The moose, for awhile, managed to keep in the lead; but again these gray forms kept coming closer and closer, until one of them snapped at his heels. This time the fangs went clear to the bone; and the bull, majestic in his anger, rose on his hind legs and threshed the air with his forefeet. Once more he caught one on his horns and threw him far to one side, ripped open and dead.

Then the hard-fighting bull made a mistake; instead of retreating, satisfied with one at a time he charged in among them with mighty, trumpeting blasts, thrashing feet and tossing antlers. They closed in on him quickly and two of the pack landed, one on the haunches, the other on his neck. Once more he bounded into the air and the two fell off, but their places were immediately filled by others.

The moose fought on valiantly, striking out with all his gigantic strength, but the wolves had at last secured a holding place, and their fangs bit deeper and deeper. Suddenly he saw that fighting was useless and he tried to retreat. He made a few steps, trying to run, not paying any attention to the wolves—that was his second great mistake.

The whole pack, the instant he turned tail, sprang upon him. They seemed to be all

over him at once—on his back, at his throat—until only his gray antlers were clear of the writhing, struggling, gray mass.

He made a stand at last, as he tried with all his strength to spring from the ground. Even with the weight that was on him he succeeded in rising about a foot. Then he tried to rip with his teeth, but they had him at their mercy. And so, kicking, struggling, bellowing, the fighting bull, brave, kingly, a monster of his kind, fell to the earth, to his death, beneath a full score of slim, gaunt, gray wolves.

F. C. CAMPBELL '23.

ON THE NILE.

Moonlight on the mystic Nile
Brings romance, thoughts of long ago,
When princes brave with gallant smile
On ladies fair did court bestow.

When dusky slaves to the throne of Rha,
The ancient god of an ancient race,
Slunk, in answer to submission's law,
To worship there the Sun God's face.

When Pharaoh's host, in warlike dress,
Came charging 'cross the arid plain
To meet the foe in combat's stress,
To 'fend the kingdom from a conquerer's aim.

When midnight brought the warrior's feast,
To celebrate the hard-earned day,
When red wine flowed with lust unceased,
When ribaldry reigned with the minstrel's lay.

When Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile,
Did tempt the hapless Anthony there
To follow in her traitorous file
Dishonor's paths which weaklings e'er ensnare.

O glorious Egypt, dear land of Khem,
Thy rolling dunes and royal Nile
Shall ever bring to thoughts of men
Romantic dreams and wondering smile.

H. B. T.

Since Bill Russell got a job selling lily-cups, he has become very popular with the fair sex of his class. His visits to the classroom at leisure hours have endeared him both to teachers and pupils. By pupils, we mean, of course, the girls.

APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE.

All the world's a race track
 And all the men and women merely drivers;
 They have their accidents and their skids
 And one man in his time drives many cars,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the
 infant
 Crawling and pushing on his Kiddy Kar;
 Then the school boy, with his speed
 And foolish tricks, cycling on wheel
 Unwillingly to school. Then the lover
 In his chummy roadster with a special
 name
 Speeding down love's highway. Then the
 golf fiend
 Full of strange oaths and browned like the
 Indian
 Jealous in golfing, sudden and quick in driv-
 ing
 Seeking the silver loving cup
 Even in the holes. Then the manager
 In tall silk hat with black tuxedo,
 Full of egotism and good advice;
 And so he drives his touring car.
 The gear is switched into the sixth,
 And more gas is needed
 For the lean and white haired sage
 With spectacles on nose and ear trumpet at
 side,
 His limousine, well driven, a world too wide
 For his shrunk form; and his big manly
 voice
 Turning still toward orders and commands,
 shrills
 And threatens in his sound.
 Last ride of all
 That ends this strange eventful race
 Is in the hearse to the graveyard place.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their close-ups and their fade-
 outs,
 And one woman in her life plays many
 parts;
 Her acts being seven ages. At first the
 squalling infant
 With ten chubby fingers and ten little toes
 (Apologies to Al Jolson),
 And then the giddy school-girl
 With rice powder on nose, tripping smil-
 ingly into school one hour late;
 And then the flapper, painted like a doll
 Drawing fifteen per at some telephone ex-
 change;
 And then the bride—

Head full of ideas and house full of install-
 ment furniture;
 Seeking new-laid eggs at the lowest figure
 Even in the distant country.
 And then the matron, fair and well uphol-
 stered,
 With stern but kindly eyes behind her gold
 rimmed spec's,
 Full of good recipes and latest stitches—
 And so she plays her part. The sixth age
 shifts
 Into the lean and grey haired granny,
 With two pairs of spec's on nose and snuff
 box by her side;
 Her youthful dresses well dyed and refitted
 Into lavender gowns, for her shrunken fig-
 ure; and her rich voice
 Turning again to girlish treble, whistles
 and cracks in her shrunken larynx.
 Last scene of all that ends the drama—sec-
 ond childhood
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
 everything.

ON MENTAL INDIGESTION

Mental indigestion is that sad and serious
 state into which the mind of the average
 student occasionally falls. The symptoms
 are usually a dull dreamy look in the eyes,
 an over crowded condition, and an utter in-
 capability of that part of the human anat-
 omy known to scientists as the cerebrum (or
 in common parlance, the brain) to function
 properly.

The disease is quite common at all times,
 but is especially so at that period of the
 year called spring. It is not generally
 known why the disease is so common at this
 time of year, but scientists and psychologists
 have investigated, and all leading physicians
 now accept as a logical theory that it is prob-
 ably due to the climate at this period. The
 balmy atmosphere, the blue skies, and the
 warm air laden with the scent of apple blos-
 soms, all have a peculiar effect on the deli-
 cate cerebral organisms incased in the cra-
 nium. At this time of year, also, the disease
 is very contagious. From one person af-
 flicted with the malady a whole class may
 easily contract it and in an hour or so one
 may see the aforesaid class gazing vacantly
 at a fly wending his weary way across the
 ceiling or idly tracing meaningless designs
 on the desks while in the eyes of all one
 may see the dull, vacant, dopy look which is
 peculiarly characteristic of this strange dis-
 ease.

The student afflicted with the disease is rational at most times and in most places, but during the hours of 8:20 A. M. to 1:45 P. M., when the fever rages at its height, the student is exceedingly irrational and can on no account be held responsible for his actions. It is a curious fact to note in connection with this strange, phenomenal disease, that an afflicted student is unable to write in any language—Latin, French, or Spanish—and should a set of sentences be given to the student to be written in Latin they will on close inspection be found to be a somewhat confused mixture of the three. The malady is accompanied in some instances by various impedimenta in the vocal chords, and on being questioned the scholar is very apt to utter guttural and inarticulate noises which as nearly as they can be translated sound somewhat like the Anglo-Saxon equivalents of "I dunno!" When the student is afflicted with this failing it is quite common for him to fall into deep meditations and when roused from these reveries to recite to emit long drawn out sounds like "H-u-u-h," which leads us to believe that perhaps Darwin was not entirely "off his trolley" when he stated that we are descendants of the abysmal brutes from the far-off jungles of Asia. At this stage of the disease the student cannot be held responsible for his answers, because when asked what sequence a verb is he is just as likely to reply "third base" as anything else.

The only remedy for this extraordinary disease is to either confine the student to his home or to keep him out of doors during the hours of 8:20 A. M. to 1:45 P. M. inclusive. If scientists can perfect an invention on which they have been doing research work for a period extending over many years, the dire effects of the disease will be greatly decreased. The invention is namely:—on the first day of May to shift the calendar to the twenty-third of June, on which day, strange to say, the disease disappears entirely and the patient is normal again.

CATHERINE GRADY '23.

ANIMAL RESEMBLANCES IN PEOPLE.

There are many people in the world that have animal characteristics. Peculiar mannerisms or habits which we see in different people remind us of particular species of animals. We need not travel to see these likenesses; we can find them in our own

surroundings. Do you not know some one who resembles that crafty and shrewd creature, the sly fox, who creeps so stealthily in the night? Then there is the person whom I am sure you all have met, the pig. How time-worn is that phrase, how commonly used! But how truly it characterizes certain people who are so piggish in their habits. Another of our friends is, the catty person, usually a woman. She has always a sarcastic comment to say about someone or someone's clothes, and like the cat she scratches, but she does not bite. Among our acquaintances there is one man who is said to be as brave as the lion. This man—bold, and daring,—is like the powerful lion, the king of beasts. Have you ever seen the girl whose movements are similar to the panther? She walks softly and smoothly, resembling this sleek animal in such a marked degree. How grating and harsh is that person's laugh, which approaches the discordant laugh of the hyena. You see among your enemies the slippery and poisonous disposition of the snake. Some people are called snakes in the grass because they crawl and hide themselves from view. They are deceiving because they suddenly pounce upon one, as that cruel animal who destroys everything in its path. Also there are the people who remind you of that little creature, the mouse, so quiet and calm they appear. Furthermore, there are the poor people who are said to be as clumsy as that lumbering animal, the bear, not meaning to, but unmindfully upsetting everything in their way. Even if we do not all resemble in such a degree some animal, we are said to be descended from that ugly creature, the ape.

DORIS PORTER '23.

THE CURE.

No doubt you feel sick and blue
From overwork or strain,
But there is one thing for you to do,
If you wish to feel well again.

No medicine will have the charm
To make you feel quite gay.
The only real and positive balm
Is to let Nature have her way.

So if you're sick and have the blues,
Don't give up in despair;
For here is one good cure that soothes:
Just breathe God's pure air. ANON.

SEEING NEW ENGLAND IN A "HENRY."

New England is beautiful regardless of the manner in which you see it. But, in my opinion, it is best seen in "Henry." "Henry" will go anywhere at anytime; in short anywhere a cat can go, there you will find "Henry." We abuse him, we laugh at him, we despise him, but always when there is work to be done we go to him to do it. Thus, when my friend Professor Thompson and I decided to tour New England, we just stepped into "Henry" and set out on our way.

We left Boston at nine o'clock on the evening of June 27. Overhead the moon and the myriad stars sent forth their silvery beams lighting the white stretch before us, rendering our own artificial lights unnecessary. It seemed strange to go through the busy city of Lowell when all the streets were deserted. All that could be seen or heard was our "Henry" wending along his tortuous route. As we drove slowly along, the magic of a night in June began to cast its spell over us. The murmuring Merrimac gleaming like silver in the moonlight, the twinkling lights of distant Manchester made an irresistible appeal to our romantic imaginations.

We sped on through Concord and various small villages to Plymouth. From Plymouth on, the road was very rough—deep holes, jagged rocks and in between small sharp-edged pebbles that made many small cuts in the tires. Moreover in a Ford the riding was, to say the least, a trifle agitated. You Ford owners know what I mean when I say AGITATED. This trip was the first time that I discovered "Henry" to be a springless vehicle.

We passed through Woodstock from whence we began the tedious ascent up into beautiful Profile Notch. The gray shades of early morning enabled us to barely see the grandeur and beauty of the scenery through which we were passing. On both sides of the winding road were sheer walls of stone, over which was interwoven a network of ferns and vines.

Creeping onward, up and up, past Death Pool and the Flume, we finally arrived at Profile Lake. By this time the fog and mist had partially cleared away and allowed us to gaze across the lake and up at the Old Man of the Mountain. What a wonderful creation nature has made in this perfect profile! Many times since have I looked upon the "Old Man's" calm visage, and each time I have felt that same sense of awe that I felt

upon my first visit. One cannot help becoming amazed when he realizes that for untold centuries that sage head has overlooked Profile Valley. What strange secrets it might reveal could it but speak. Legend has it that Indian tribes of ancient times came here and worshipped the stone face as the great Manitou. We know not about that, but certainly we of today come to worship the beauty of this famous Profile.

From Profile Lake we continued our ascent and soon reached the summit just in time to see the sun rising. In the East the sun, a glowing ball of fire, was just beginning to peep from behind the peaks of Mt. Jefferson. Further to the right we could see the towering cloud-capped summit of Mt. Washington. From where we were could be seen the entire stretch of the Presidential Range.

Descending a gradual slope from the Notch, we hastened on to Bethlehem and from there to the Connecticut River which forms the boundary line between New Hampshire and Vermont. In Vermont we found the roads extremely sandy and the hills steep. We were thankful indeed that we had "Henry" to carry us safely out of our difficulties. Throughout the blistering hours of that parching summer's day, over the sandy roads, up the steep grades, "Henry" faithfully labored, never complaining but always going on and on. Only once did he fail us,—that was in the Green Mountains. We were making the last grade of the Pass preparatory to descending down the other side into Rutland. It was fearfully hot (the paint on "Henry" fairly cracked and blistered under the scorching rays of old Sol). Suddenly poor old "Henry" stopped dead and a tremendous cloud of steam was emitted from the overflow pipe of the radiator. I started to unscrew the radiator cap but it was immediately blown out of my hands by the pressure of the steam. I went to a nearby brook and got some water with which I "retanked" our steed, and then we rambled along our way.

We slept in Rutland that night, and early the next morning we started out on the next lap of our journey. We crossed Vermont and at Lake Champlain we were ferried across to New York state. We left Lake Champlain and went on to Lake George some fifty miles distant. Lake George is one of the most attractive spots in America. Nestled in the wooded foothills of the Berkshires, it has an undescribable charm, an unfailling beauty of nature which makes

it the Mecca of thousands of tourists every year. Here, the biologist, the naturalist, the photographer, the hunter, and many others can find their own hearts' delight.

At this point in our travels the good professor began to tire; so after some consideration, we decided to head for home. We took the same route back as the one on which we had come. The trip was uneventful. "Henry" still ran beautifully on all "three," so we had nothing to worry about. The next day at midnight we pulled into Boston safe and sound. It might be mentioned here that in all our travelling we did not have a bit of tire trouble which fact partly proves my contention that "in a Henry is the best way to see the country." And a word for "Henry":—never again will I laugh at him; he stayed by me in all my troubles, and he cost very little. For that reason I say, "Get a 'Henry'."

HAROLD B. TURNER '22.

ON THE TOWEL AND SOAP SYSTEM.

I think that I must give up all hope of ever becoming familiar with the towel and soap system. Wherever I go, to hotel, theatre, Pullman, or department store, I must learn some new way of drying my hands and face, and puzzle out some new source of soap.

In one place I find corrugated paper towels with which I must rub and not blot, in another I find very similar ones with which I must blot and not rub. Some of these towels must be used vertically, others horizontally; and some must be held up against pores, pore for pore.

Some of these paper towels come out of the bottom of the box and some out of the top. Sometimes a person is limited to one towel, thus aiding the conscience; and sometimes the towels roll off a paper roller unendingly, and one must let his conscience guide him.

Then there is the cloth towel which is also a Chinese puzzle. In almost every washroom the cloth towel comes in a different way. This towel is something between the old fashioned roller towel and some new kind of individual towel. Sometimes I find the towels with eyelets in the corner which must be slipped on an iron rod from one pile to another (I never know whether to work from left to right or right to left). The roller towel is just as complicated for the direc-

tions say to grasp the sides of this towel near the mouth of the holder then lean back with all one's force; but by the time I puzzle out the rules, I am all dry from the air.

Some of the soap devices are no simpler.

Some must be tipped, others jiggled, some tumbled, some jerked, some squeezed, and some must be pumped like the levers on the keyboard of a soda fountain.

I have often thought of bringing my own towel and soap, but my grips were always so full that I had to give up that idea. I do wish that towels were served in plain stacks with no new devices, and that soap were presented in cakes as nature intended.

I do not wish to be considered a pessimist; so I will say that I am glad that water is still served in faucets!

VERNA YOUNG '23.

THE ECHO.

When we read the words "The Echo" at the head of our little journal or on the cover of our worthy little magazine, do we ever stop to think or consider whether there was a purpose behind the choosing of the name; or whether our predecessors who started our paper had the gift of foresight to see that it was, in truth, to be an echo of the events of our school life?

An echo, according to Webster, is a sound reflected or reverberated. Is not "The Echo" a reverberation, a reflection of all our affairs, educational and social? Does it not send forth its reverberations not only to the student body, but to out of town students and to the home, giving its readers a reflection of our inner school life? Is there not a certain amount of influence cast forth from its columns? It is an echo not only for school news but also for the literary talent of our students.

Let us, then, so conduct ourselves during school that we may not be ashamed to have our affairs echoed and re-echoed throughout whatever town, city or state our paper may chance to go. Let us resolve to conduct our athletics and our business in general in such a manner that we may carry on our Echo in a way that would please our worthy predecessors. Let us try to uphold the ideals and standards they have passed down to us and let us resolve to support our Echo so that it may continue on its way, echoing to posterity the deeds of our famous school!

CATHERINE GRADY '23.

THE ECHO

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Editorial Staff.

It is one of the curious facts of life that "All things come in a bunch"—that, when it is busy, it is very busy. But it is as remarkable a coincidence that, in such rush periods, the busiest human being does the most.

A brief survey of the careers of several individuals will invariably show that the man who is the busiest, who has the least time to spare, accomplishes the most, and in a creditable fashion; and that the idler with an almost limitless amount of time never accomplishes anything.

School life furnishes no exception to this rule.

Look back upon your first three years of school. Few activities, little thought of the future, lessons shorter and easier to do, no concentrated preparation for college exams! Yet how hard and tiresome school seemed sometimes.

But, Seniors, what comparison is there, now? Almost none. The rush and excitement of the last few weeks of school has so

completely filled the life of each Senior that the events of past years have become completely overshadowed. Who would have dreamed of so much to do several years ago!

This very rush, however, makes one's senior year the most valued of all. For the proud sense of satisfaction, the pleasant memory of school days, which the knowledge of work well done brings to us, is reward far beyond that which the diploma, with its pretty blue ribbon and solemn phrasing, conveys to us.

Guide yourself in the future, O Senior, by your past experiences in school life—for the whole world is but a large school, after all. Do your best in idle as well as busy hours, so that some time in the distant future you may be Wordsworth's Happy Warrior—

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

CLUB NOTES

The French Club.

This year a new organization, the French Club, was formed in the school. In October it was founded, with a membership of about thirty-five. That membership has rapidly increased until now the total enrolment is more than a hundred. For the entire school year the club has held regular meetings twice a month. Many of the meetings were made very interesting by the entertainment that was provided. In March, in order to increase the membership and to furnish amusement for the charter members, about sixty candidates were initiated and admitted to the club. The initiations were very discomfoting to the candidates and caused much hilarity among the regular members.

The school can thank Miss Alma Blaisdell for the existence of this club, as she originated the idea. The school has long needed and wanted such an organization, and now that it has it everyone should boost it.

The following were elected officers at a meeting early in the year:

President Mary Lochhead
 Vice-President Lawrence Bicknell
 Secretary Madelaine Anthony
 Treasurer Miss Weeks
 Ass't Treasurer Louise Murphy

The Science Club.

This year the Science Club has had a very successful season. In the many meetings that it has held many new and difficult questions have been discussed. It has been rather hard to get speakers enough to fill out the program of all the meetings, but the diligence and persistency of Mr. Peltier finally bore fruit, and the entertainments were carried out in a very satisfactory manner. The lectures, for the most part, were upon physical and chemical subjects. Sometimes it happened that some of the lectures could be explained and livened up by actual experiments which fact added a great deal to the enjoyment of the occasion. One of the most interesting subjects was the radio-telephone. A short talk was given upon the history of this invention, then the audience was permitted to listen through the receive-

ers. This entertainment proved to be quite popular with the audience and will perhaps be repeated some time in the near future.

Next year the activities of the club will be resumed, and it is hoped that the success of this year will warrant a greater success in the years to follow.

The following were elected club officers:
 President Arthur Davis
 Vice-President Sidney Stevenson
 Sec. and Treas. Mr. L. Peltier

CONTIO LATINA.

Entertainments have played a great part in the success of the Latin Club in the past year. Besides the business meetings, the club has held three meetings; one in December, when the Freshmen were initiated and a Christmas program was given, and also a miscellaneous program on topics pertaining to Caesar; another in February, when the following Sophomores presented a Latin Play (Tirones) in a very creditable manner:—Ina Minto, Gracia Bancroft, Elizabeth Kent, Rubin Klier, Joseph Bradley, Gerald Wolcott, Selma Cohen, Eunice Swift, Dorothy Dorr, Mary Stansbury, and Hymen Silverstein, a Senior, taking the part of Julius Caesar. Margaret Thompson recited a Prologue in English before each of the five scenes. The Latin Club Quintette played, and Beatrice Brown and Lucille rendered several fine duets.

At the last meeting in May, the Freshmen gave a program of songs and dialogues in Latin. The club will miss the ready assistance of the Seniors but is looking forward to another successful year, after the new officers are elected in October.

The officers for the past year were:

Consules: Mary Lochhead, Carolyn Magee.
 Scriba: Lovicy Irwin.
 Praetor: Miss Ayres.
 Quaestor: Anita Bates.
 Motto: Labor omnia vincit.
 Colors: Purple and Gold.
 Flower: Pansy.
 Pin: Roman faces enameled in gold on a purple background.



Debating Team.

Another new member of the club circle is the Debating Club. This society was formed in the middle of the year to take the place of the Congress that we used to have. Mr. Soule introduced the idea. By the steady application of his interest in the club, he has produced an organization which can compare favorably with the old Congress. Great interest has been taken by the boys in the club, and fine results have been obtained. A debating team was formed, which, in its annual debate with Revere High School, won in handsome fashion. At Winthrop the result was a victory for Winthrop. At Revere the other Winthrop team managed to come out with a tie. Also, during the year numerous minor debates were held, in which were experienced many lively discussions that helped to stimulate the growth of the club.

The experience that the members of the club have gained in the art of public speaking will doubtlessly be of great aid to them in the future. It is hoped that the good work started this year will be continued next year in order that other boys may take advantage of the opportunity. So, in summing up, this year can be considered one of the best in the interests of debating.

The following are the officers of the club:

President John Barry
 Vice-President Arthur Davis
 Secretary Winthrop Joyce

THE SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish Club has not been a very noisy factor in the school, but it has had a few interesting meetings. There have been so many demands on everybody's time that it has made greater activities impossible. In connection with two of the Spanish classes, correspondence with the Natick High School pupils, in Spanish, has been enjoyed. This has been beneficial in developing interest and giving practice in original composition. Some members of the club took advantage of an opportunity to sample real Spanish candy; El Turrón de Alicante is a nougat rich with nuts. This candy comes in cookie form from Spain. Approximately five of these pieces weigh a pound. This was given as prizes for a contest held in one of the Spanish Club meetings.

Judging from the beginners' classes this year there should be an organization capable of having good programs. We hope that everyone will enter into the work of the Spanish Club during the coming year with a spirit of cheerfulness and co-operation.

WHO?

Who is my girl with eyes of brown,
And rosy mouth so small and round;
With long, dark tresses hanging down—
Now wouldn't you like to know?

Who is my girl with eyes of blue,
And wavy locks of golden hue;
With lips like roses kissed with dew—
Now wouldn't you like to know?

Which of the two do I love the best,
Whose slender hand do I long to press,
Whose hair to stroke in fond caress—
Now wouldn't you like to know?

RUTH ANDERSON '23.

A WINDY NIGHT.

One night when I was safe in bed,
And the winds were raging round my head,
It seemed I'd turned unwilling host,
To a troop of noisy, howling ghosts.
They rattled every sash and pane,
Creaked up the stairs and down again;
Outside, around the corners swept,
And, whining, down the chimney crept.

They tossed the curtains in the air,
As though their shadowy outlines there
Were writhing as in human pain.
I sought for sleep but sought in vain;
To leave my bed I did not dare
Lest some pale ghost were lurking there.
I guess I'll have things fastened tight,
Before another windy night.

RUTH ANDERSON '23.

O, SENIOR!

I.

O, Senior in your hours of ease,
You now can do just what you please.
The world is waiting, (isn't it great?)
If I were you, I'd let it wait.

II.

No more these halls, it may be said,
Will echo to your lordly tread.
No more the supercilious stare
Will frighten freshmen everywhere.

III.

The rest of us, when you are gone,
Will buckle to and carry on.
We know we'll have to face our due,
Before it's done, we may miss you.
ELEANOR HURLEY '23.

ODE TO A FLAPPER.

I.

Tell me dainty flapper,
Tell me if you dare,
What it was that made you bob
Your very pretty hair.

II.

What is it that makes you
Wear your skirts so high?
Could you wear them longer
If you did but try?

III.

Why is it that powder
On your nose must go,
Till it looks as white
As a mound of driven snow?

IV.

Why is it that on your cheeks
A dab of rouge now goes,
Till their blushes can outblush
The reddest rose that grows?

V.

Why is it that on your feet
Flip-flapping shoes you wear,
Which, while you walk down the street,
Make people turn and stare?

VI.

The wiles of all you flapper maids
I make no boast to understand;
Still to you I'll give a toast
"The fairest maids in our fair land."

CATHERINE GRADY '23.

The small white clouds so softly floating by,
Are just the day dreams of the sky;
The hopes and fears of conquests yet to win,
And little thoughts of what once might have
been.

But now, at sunset, when the sky is still'd,
Slip down behind the world dreams unful-
fill'd.

RUTH ANDERSON '23.

THE ORCHESTRA.

Before telling about this year's achieve-
ments, it is necessary to go back a year to
the time of Mr. Willis' introduction to the
school. Mr. Willis built up the Orchestra in
a very capable manner and its first appear-
ance was at the Football Mass Meeting at
the theatre. The Orchestra played at all
school affairs for the rest of the year. Only
three members graduated—Dick Murray,
Evelyn MacQuarrie, and Harry Smith—leav-



ing about twenty three members to build upon.

Early in September, 1921, Mr. Willis called a special meeting for election of officers. Howland Freeman was elected President; Ray Sinatra, Vice President; Beulah Barkley, Secretary; Philip Ruskin, Librarian; Hyman Silverstein, Concert Master; and Mr. N. Elliot Willis, Conductor.

The Orchestra made its first public appearance at Tremont Temple for the Middlesex County Teacher's Association. The Orchestra was in uniform, and the teachers were very well pleased with the showing made. During the winter the Orchestra played for the Winthrop Lodge of Elks, Winthrop Civic League, Winthrop Women's Club, and for dancing at the High School.

On April tenth the first Annual Concert was given by the Orchestra in the Winthrop Theatre. The Orchestra rendered a fine program before a crowded house. That night they were assisted by Mr. Archie Smith, trombone; Miss Helen O'Toole, cornet; and Miss Velma Balcom of Boston, so-

prano. Mrs. N. Elliot Willis played a wonderful violin obligato for Miss Balcom. It is hoped and expected that these concerts will continue in the future.

During the year the programs were varied by solos on the violin by Elbert Sinatra and on the xylophone by J. Howland Freeman.

The Orchestra ended a very successful season by playing for Class Day exercises and at both the Eighth Grade and High School Graduations.

Organization

Howland Freeman	President
Raymond Sinatra	Vice President
Beulah Barkley	Secretary
Philip Ruskin	Librarian
Mr. N. Elliot Willis	Director

Members.

1st Violins

Hyman Silverstein—Concert Master
Philip Ruskin
Elbert Sinatra
George Geisser

Beulah Barkley
Helen Goldsmith
Arthur Roberts
Max Gosule

2nd Violins

Fred Martel
John Moriarty
Lawrence Monahan
Evangaline Jenkins
Abraham White
Seymour Colby
Leon Finkel
Vincent Petrucci
Andrea Wyman
Fannie Berliner

'Cello

Virginia Crooker
Dora Barkley
Nathaniel Sperber

Trombone

Thomas Knudson, Jr.

1st Cornets

Chester Duncan
Newell Perry

2nd Cornets

Kenneth Reed
John Campbell
Rufus Madison

Drums

Howland Freeman
Harold Duncan
Walter O'Toole

Piano

Raymond Sinatra

WHO'S WHO IN THE ORCHESTRA.

There's Howie and Hymie
And Ray and his brother;
O'Toole and a Duncan
And then still another;
The Barkleys and Ruskin,
And Colby and Reed,
And "Avroumschik" and Sperber,
What more do you need?
Yet there's Goldy and Andrea
And Maddy and Max
So who is it now
That the orchestra lacks?
It's Campbell and Crooker
Petrucci and "Van,"
And Perry and Finkle
And young Monahan.
And Roberts and Knudson,
Who plays the trombone,
With rumbles and snorts

That chill to the bone.

And up at the front

Stands our old friend N. E. W.

And the orchestra then is complete thru'
and thru'.

SENIOR PLAY.

"Barbara Frietchie."

On December twenty-second the Senior Class presented its annual play. Owing to the zealous work of Miss Spence and an unusually talented cast, it was one of the most successful plays ever sponsored by Winthrop High, and that the audience was appreciative could not be doubted. "Barbara Frietchie" was the heroine of a Confederate romance, who, torn between love of her cause and her Union lover, chose to uphold the Flag of the Union, as her lover lay dying from a wound inflicted by her brother. The part of "Barbara" was played most sympathetically and charmingly by Charlotte Trowbridge. Edward Atcherly was a Union soldier whose allegiance and fervor could not be denied. John Barry and Raymond Sullivan were inimitable in their roles of Southern gentlemen, while Louise Murphy, as Mammy Lou, took you back to Dixie with her negro dialect.

Barbara FrietchieCharlotte Trowbridge
Sally NeglyMargaret Barter
Sue RoyceCelia Branz
Laura RoyceMary Nugent
Mammy LouMary Louise Murphy
Capt. TrumbullEdward P. Atcherly
Mr. FrietchieJohn R. Barry
Arthur FrietchieCharles Stavredes
Col. NeglyRaymond Sullivan
Jack NeglyJ. Howland Freeman
Fred Gelwex, soldierHayden Freeman
Tim Greene, soldierJohn Foley
Edgar StrongKenneth Sawin
Dr. Hal BoydRobert Hazel
Sergeant PerkinsJohn E. Gore
Stonewall JacksonJohn A. Eaton

Soldiers and Townspeople.

Harry N. Benson Laurence Bicknell
George S. Lawler Sydney Stevenson
Norwood Kellenberge Davis Belcher
J. Winthrop Joyce Richard MacClintock
Bernice Smith Margaret Knipe
Florence Royle

APRIL SHOWERS.

If afternoon sessions come your way,
It's for your folly that you pay.



SENIOR VAUDEVILLE.

The Senior Vaudeville Show was held on Monday, May 8, in the High School gym. A pleasing program was enjoyed by the pupils of the four upper classes and the teachers. At one forty-five there was dancing, music being furnished by several members of the High School orchestra. At 2.15 the annual performance opened with a very elo-

but under Miss Spence's capable direction it was brought up to the minute. The plot is woven around an unmodern "Rollo," who, contrary to fiction, refuses to sow his wild oats, much to the disgust of his uncle, who is eccentric, to say the least. But the entrance of Richard Whorf as the "Private Secretary" confuses things quite humorously. Uncle Cattermole (CAT-Cat-TER-ter-MOLE Cattermole) mistakes the "Private



The Cast of School Play.

quent speech by Ken. Sawin. Then began the big show, consisting of music, speaking, dancing and a very striking and awe-inspiring scene from a harem. Dickie Whorf, Harold Turner and Sully were very noticeable characters in this act. Albert Sinatra gave a few violin selections; Ray played his accompaniments. Two eighth grade girls danced. Other dances were given by different members of the High School. Between the acts of vaudeville ice-cream cones were sold and there was dancing which lasted until five o'clock.

Secretary" for his nephew and is exceedingly disgusted. Finally things straighten out to everyone's satisfaction, as all good comedies should; and owing to the clever acting of the cast the play was voted a huge success.

Cast

Richard Whorf	Gladys Berry
John Fulham	Esther Chisholm
John Hayes	Georgiana Gearheart
Roland Wentworth	Henry Stansbury
Horace Wile	Theodore Stockwell

SCHOOL PLAY.

"The Private Secretary"

On the evening of April 7, Winthrop High presented to an enthusiastic audience a revival of that delightful comedy, "The Private Secretary." It is an old-time favorite

JOKES.

No homework tomorrow or any other day.
Talk as much as you please.
No more sessions.
No more Latin Prose.

FRIENDSHIP.

Of all the words in the English language the word friendship has the most potent meaning. Friendship is the essence of life; without it mankind would be lost. A man can exist without friends but he cannot live without friends. A pure, true friendship is the most sacred and most beautiful thing that this sordid old world of ours possesses. Life is but a game, after all. It has its upsets, its reverses, and, like in all other games, we must depend on the other fellow. The human soul is not strong enough to bear the burdens of this life alone, it has to turn to other sources to find its strength. And what is that strength but friendship? From friendship we derive that sympathy, that complete understanding which goes so far in the making of a man.

When we graduate from high school and go out into the teeming struggle beyond, we shall carry with us tender memories of friendships that we have made. Thus it is in every walk of life. No matter where we may be, no matter what we may do, we shall ever have friendship as a dominant factor in our law of life. So, to take the full measure of satisfaction of living, let us make real friends and always be true to the ideals which embody the spirit of friendship.

HAROLD B. TURNER '22.

OUI! OUI!

Hats off to the Commercial Department of Winthrop High School. Perhaps they are not a "live wire" bunch! Besides offering a course that is most thorough in the application of modern business ideas, the department, chiefly through the efforts of Miss Mabel Howatt, Miss Lucy Drew and Miss Ruth Gordan, acts somewhat in the capacity of an employment agency, in that it places its graduates in desirable positions in the business world.

As a result of an interesting business letter sent to some of Boston's largest business firms, forty-seven of the sixty-nine business pupils of the 1922 graduating class were placed in positions at the close of the school year. Considering that fifteen students choose to remain and complete their studies, the percentage is extremely large.

This practical plan originated as a unique idea of Principal Edward R. Clarke in 1917. The plan has been so successful that Win-

throp High is ranked highly in the estimation of Boston business firms for supplying competent stenographers, bookkeepers and clerks. All of which goes to prove that in Principal Clarke, Winthrop High has a headmaster who has such modern ideas of equipping the young people under his care with the best possible educational training, that it is possible to establish this commendable record.

This also speaks highly of the methods now employed in the present teaching system in our school. The course that is taught the business students includes four years' training in commercial subjects. The last year of this course is concentrated on the study of typewriting, shorthand and English.

F. M. '22.

If Congress is going to decline the Bonus, this is the way to do it—Bonus, Bona, Bonum.

"How do you feel tonight?"

"Oh, away above par."

"How's that?"

"My girl told me she takes a lot of stock in me."

We get just what we deserve. The only way to have more is to deserve more.

If you don't feel just right,

If you can't sleep at night,

If you moan and sigh,

If your throat is dry,

If you can't talk or think,

If your grub tastes like ink,

If your heart doesn't beat,

If you've got cold feet,

If your head's in a whirl

For the love of Mike ask her to the Social.

A bit of foolishness now and then

Is relished by the wisest men.

HEARD IN ROOM 12.

Margaret Sawyer (during a quiz) "What's the Spanish word for grow?"

Miss Weeks (after writing it on the board under a question about the Aztecs.) "It's crecer."

Doris Porter—"How do Aztecs grow?"

Miss Weeks—"Up."

ADVICE ON SCHOOL AFFAIRS.

By Torchy.

Dear Torchy:—I have read your column all year. Sometimes I enjoyed it and other times—well I'll omit the rest. The only thing that has bothered me is the fact that I have been unable to find out who you are. I really would not like to have you think that I am inquisitive or forward on account of asking such a question. If you really think that you would care to enlighten me concerning your identity I would be very glad, and would appreciate your kindness. I will await a reply, anxiously.—Bill.

Dear Bill:—I never thought anyone could be so polite. You say you enjoyed some of my remarks; so did I. During the course of the past year I have viewed with much joy the difficulties and comical incidents, which have occurred. It has been great fun to slam a friend, here and there. You know you can say so much when under disguise. Well, Bill, here's a farewell for 1922. See you at the Alumni Dance.

PHIL RUSKIN '22.

CLASS NOTES.

Miss Gordon in shorthand: What is the next word, Foote?

Foote: Yard.

Miss Gordon says that the only thing that keeps her from tying up Doris Enos's mouth to keep her from talking so much is that Doris is a Senior in High School.

Gore, Benson, McClintock, Kellenberger, Lawler, Stevenson, Davis, Peterson and Atcherley wish to notify the school to take a good look at them now while they are in normal condition, as they will be merely shadows of themselves on graduation night. This is due to the fact that they must quit their jobs in the lunch room and will, for the rest of the year, be obliged to go without their mid-day meal. Any contribution will be gratefully received.

Do you know Obadiah?
Obadiah who?
Obadiah door you!

Do you know Minerva?
Minerva who?
Minerva's wreck.

Do you know Jupiter?
Jupiter who?
Jupiter stone in my shoe?

Do you know Jemima?
Jemima who?
Jemima kissing you?

Do you know Juno?
Juno who?
Juno I love you

Do you know Isabel?
Isabel who?
Isabel necessary on a bicycle?

Do you know Fanny?
Fanny who?
Fanny body calls me up, tell 'em I'm out.

Walsh—"How's the girl?"
Canton—"I've got a new one."
Walsh—"What was the trouble?"
Canton—"Well that last one was so fond of an argument she wouldn't even eat anything that agreed with her."

Charlotte—"I should like to see any man try to kiss me!"
"Gerry"—"No doubt—but you shouldn't admit it."

Mary—(after the Revere game)—"And he grabbed the ball and hugged it to him."
Ruth—"O! to be a football!"
Mary—"—then kicked it."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

They were standing at the front gate.
"Won't you come in and talk a little while, George, dear?" she said.
"N-no, I guess not," said George, hesitatingly.

"I wish you would," the girl went on, "it's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out and father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs."

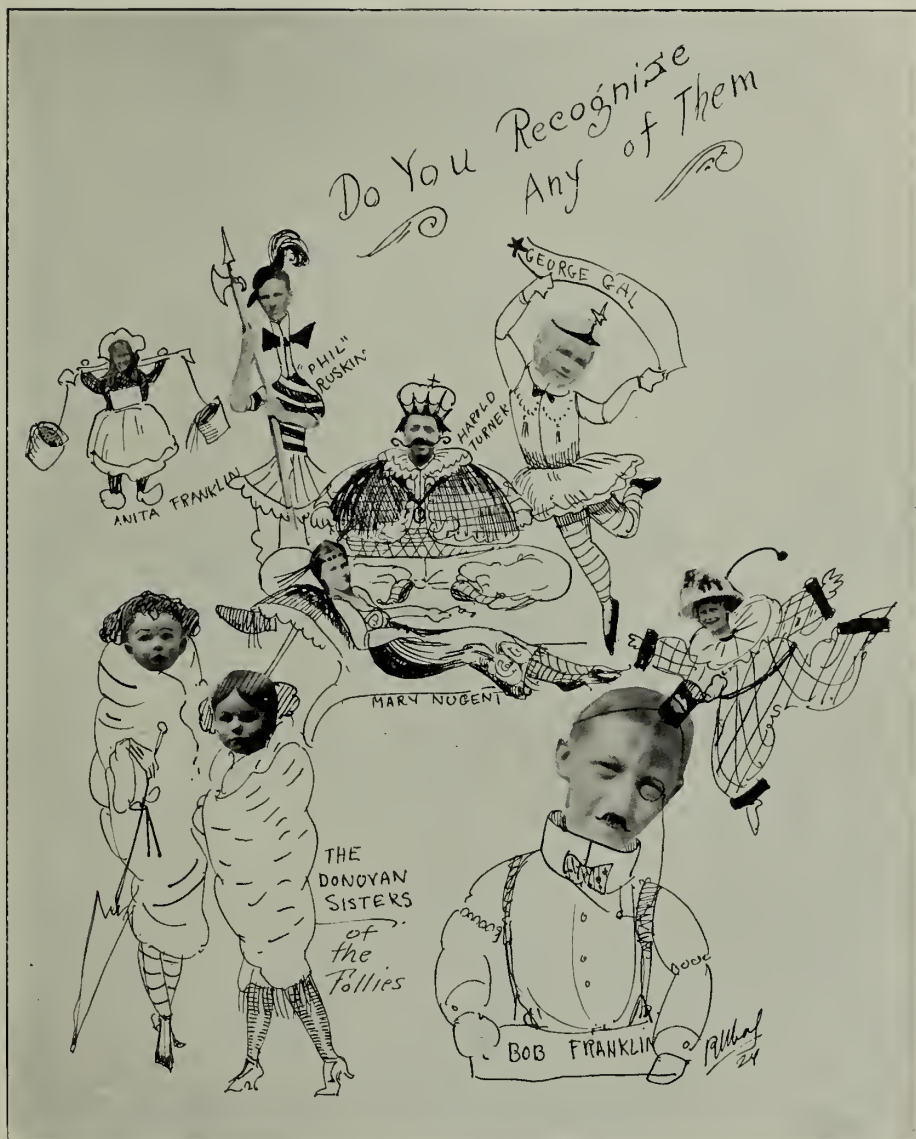
"Both legs?" asked George.

"Yes, both legs."

"Then I'll come in for a little while."

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

Take a session.
Tomorrow's assignment is—
Be prepared for a test.
This test will be over four chapters.
Is that gum in your mouth?



Close Up of Mr Wee—
Wee Mac Klunkack, Coach
of Dartmouth



Hollywood, Calif.:
Harold Turner the latest
Film Hero



New York: The hon. Ken
Sawin, Member of the
Irish Parliament Arrives
in America



England, London, "Dat" Enos
star of the "Stokes" Follies



Petrograde: Russia
Ester Peterskyson leader
of the Women Bushvinks



St. Louis: "Peanut"
Benson "Home Run King"
of the Cardinals



Washington
George Hawlen See of
State



Madrid: Mary Nugent Now
Queen of Spain



Paris: Alice Donovan
Hair Dresser to the
King + Queen of Belgium



Tokio, Japan: "Vire" Carr
how dishwasher for
the Emperor



Harre de Grace, Kentucky:
Philip Ruskin Jockey of "Blunder"
fastest horse in the world.



Nome: Alaska Anita Bates
Driving home puppy dog team

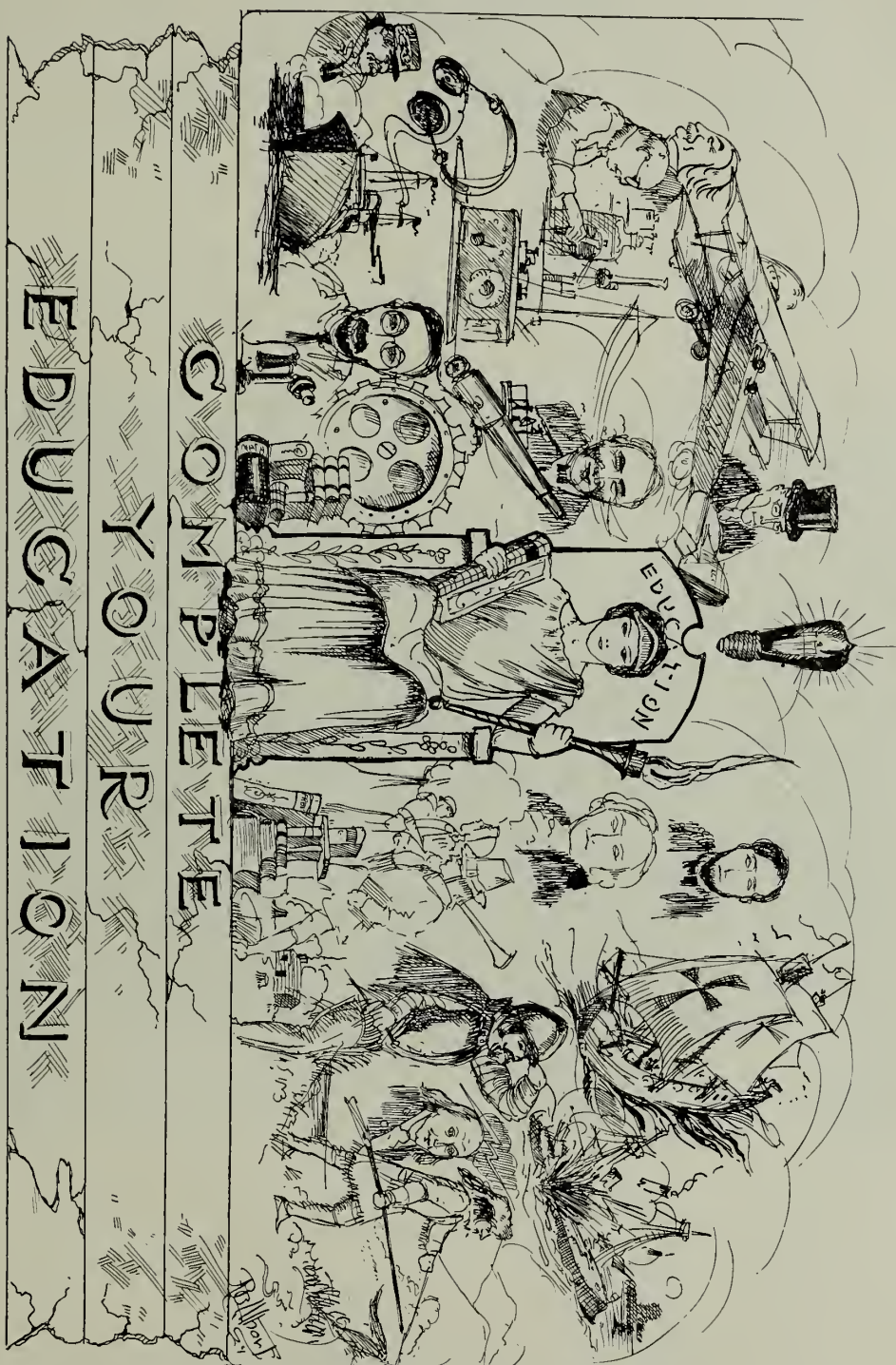


Louisville, Kent: Breeze
Freeman, owner of the
Breezeonia Plantation



Albion







FOOTBALL.

Oct. 8. Beverly at Beverly.

As soon as school opened Coach Manter called for football candidates. Much promising material came forward, and for two weeks practice was stiff. Then we started with a practice game.

Beverly 23, Winthrop 6.

Saunders took the ball for our only score, making a touchdown after plugging the line for 80 yards.



Sept. 23. Brookline at Winthrop.

Brookline 7, Winthrop 0.

Capt. "Wee" was out of the game with a broken wrist. Weibel starred at quarter.

Oct. 1. Chelsea at Winthrop.

Chelsea 0, Winthrop 20.

"Breeze" was out of the game with a broken collar bone. The line was weak, but the backfield played havoc with Chelsea. Saunders played a fine game.

Oct. 15. Marblehead at Winthrop.

Marblehead 27, Winthrop 6.

Tansey fooled our line, but Lawler met up with him once in a while. The trick plays won the game.

Oct. 21. Lynn English at Lynn.

English 7, Winthrop 21.

We scored 3 to their 1. Russell intercepted a pass and ran 95 yards for a touchdown.

Oct. 29. Swampscott at Winthrop.

Swampscott 7, Winthrop 13.

The visiting team was once more dumped in the SWAMP.

Nov. 5. Peabody at Peabody.

Peabody 33, Winthrop 0.

The champs-to-be walked over us in great shape.

Nov. 12. Lynn Classical at Winthrop.

Classical 20, Winthrop 0.

The champs of 1920 outplayed us. Horne starred for Winthrop.

Nov. 19. Gloucester at Gloucester.

Gloucester 6, Winthrop 0.

Gloucester on a fumble. Capt. "Wee" McClintock played his first game.

Nov. 24. Revere at Revere.

Revere 13, Winthrop 0.

Nuff Ced.

SHOVEL!

Coach Manter and Captain-elect Honan have our best wishes for a fine team next year.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Little Women—Catherine Grady.

Lovicy Irwin.

Clara Brown.

Regina Bradley.

The Cavalier—Philip Ruskin.

The Innocents Abroad—Business Seniors.

The Sky Pilot—William Morrison.

In the Palace of the King—In Mr. Clarke's private office.

The Pilot—Harold Turner.

Two Years before the Mast—Second and third year Latin.

Our Mutual Friend—Miss Alma Blaisdell.

Three Musketeers—Richard Whorf.

Matthew Walsh.

Richard Canton.

The Broad Highway—The third floor corridor.

The Sea Wolf—"Breeze" Freeman.

The Call of the Wild—The sounds heard during a girl's gym period.

Up from Slavery—Entering the Sophomore class.

Silent Places—Rooms 14 and 15.

Mysterious Island—Snake Island.

They That Walk in Darkness—Girl Haters.

The Crisis—Waiting to see if you pass.

Huckleberry Finn—Sidney Blandford.

The Doctor—Mr. Manter.

An Old Fashioned Girl—Mary Nugent.

The Little Minister—William MacKusick.

The Night Owl—Ray Sinatra.

The Man without a Country—Edwin Strong.

To Have and To Hold—"Bill" Russell.

The Last Days of Pompeii—Final Exams.

The Maker of History—Mr. Willis.

Count of Monto Cristo—James Esdaile.

The Portion of Labor—Miss Ackley's French home work assignments.

Captains Courageous—John Gore.

Harry Benson.

A Little Maid of Concord Town—Selma Cohen.

If I were King—Stanley Robinson.

When Knighthood was in Flower—the good old days.

Seats of the Mighty—The teachers' chairs.

The Talisman—Francis Mahaney.

Shakespeare, the Boy—Hymen Silverstein.

The little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—Herbert Swan.

In the Maine Woods—Malcolm Tasker.

Camping Out—That gone feeling on a re-turning from a dance without your key.

WELL, WELL!

Little Anna had just taken her first geography lessons. One day her mother saw her throwing her new doll into the well.

"Why, Anna," said her mother, "What do you mean by throwing your newest dolly into the well? Don't you know that you can never get her again?"

"Oh, yes I will, mother," said the child, "'Cause teacher told us that the world turns upside down every day!"

BASKET BALL.

Winthrop started the season well, beating the alumni 23 to 18. The second team also won 13 to 8. Then the first league game.

Jan. 6. Winchester at Winchester.

Winthrop 25, Winchester 15.

We handed Winchester a little surprise. Tansey starred for Winchester while every man of Winthrop played a fine passing game.

Jan. 7. Worcester Academy at Worcester.

Winthrop 12, Worcester 15.

Jimmie Foote made 8 of the 12 points. Gore and Benson each counted one basket.



Jan. 13. Watertown at Winthrop.

Winthrop 19, Watertown 5.

Moskee's men were supposed to win but Benson and Gore, with fast pass work, made them look foolish.

Jan. 17. Wellesley at Winthrop.

Winthrop 29, Wellesley 10.

Again the passing game brought us through.

Jan. 20. Brockton at Brockton.

Winthrop 19, Brockton 17.

Billhardt was well covered and could not get in his long shots. Russell starred for Winthrop with his "unconscious" shot in the last few seconds.

Jan. 25. Chelsea at Chelsea.

Winthrop 28, Chelsea 19.

Chelsea was readily disposed of for the sixth straight victory. Benson showed class in the one-hand shots under the basket.

Jan. 10. Natick at Natick.

Winthrop 33, Natick 13.

We proved ourselves superior to Natick.

Feb. 10. Watertown at Watertown.

Winthrop 13, Watertown 9.

Capt. Gore was out of the game with influenza, but we made the best of the loss and once taking the lead we covered up tightly and played a defensive game.

Feb. 3. Natick at Winthrop.

Winthrop 24, Natick 11.

We kept a lead and finished strong. Gore, Benson, and Stavredes starred.

Feb. 28. Wellesley at Wellesley.

Winthrop 33, Wellesley 17.

The captain of Wellesley was their star. Our passing game won again.

Mar. 13. Chelsea at Winthrop.

Winthrop 26, Chelsea 12.

Chelsea was downed for the second time.

Mar. 7. Brockton at Winthrop.

Winthrop 15, Brockton 16.

An overtime period was necessary and we were nosed out.



Mar. 22. Winchester at Winthrop.

Winthrop 22, Winchester 11.

Winchester met her Waterloo again. Our passing completely fooled them.

Mar. 17. Bangor at Tufts College.

Winthrop 26, Bangor 31.

Tough luck! Bangor nosed us out and eliminated us from the Tuft's Tournament. Well! anyway we saw some fine games.

Mar. 27. Brockton at Tuft's College.

The better team (Billhardt) cut loose, and, in company with Hannon, dropped in sufficient to keep Brockton in the lead. Wile was given a chance to play the last few seconds.

Brockton 24, Winthrop 17.

Thus Winthrop High finished a very successful season. Everyone played his best, and, although we did not bring home all of the bacon, we got most of it. We must be content and wait to see Capt. Wile and his team come through next year. All of this year's team will be graduated, so it's up to you, Horry, to keep up our good name in basketball. Good Luck!

FIELD HOCKEY.

Hail to the field hockey champions! For the second year in succession, the Winthrop High girl's field hockey team has won the Greater Boston Championship.

Winthrop opened the season with only four veterans; namely—Mary Lochhead, Captain; Louise Murphy, Manager; Esther Peterson, and Ruth Evans. However, the team developed rapidly, and we soon had one of the fastest teams around Boston. Our girls surpassed their rivals in team work and clever stick play.

The regular line up follows:

Esther Peterson	L. W.
Mary Lochhead	L. I.
Edna Muldoon	C. F.
Marjorie Douglas	R. I.
Doris Enos	R. W.
Vivian Carr	L. H. B.
Ruth Evans	C. H. B.
Margaret Barter	R. H. B.
Ruth Anthony	R. H. B.
Louise Murphy	L. F. B.

Roosevelt Boyd R. F. B.
Carolyn Magee G.

Gladys Wood, Marie McCann and Irene Peterson were substitutes.

A great deal of credit for the successful season should be given to the second team, which kept the first team hustling all the time. The team was very fortunate in having two capable coaches, Miss Fogg of Sargent, and Miss Nowers of the faculty.

The summary of games:

Winthrop 5, Woburn 0.
Winthrop 11, Winchester 0.
Winthrop 1, Lexington 1.
Winthrop 4, Arlington 2.
Winthrop 5, Watertown 0.
Winthrop 5, Winchester 0.
Winthrop 2, Arlington 2.
Winthrop 2, Lexington 0.
Winthrop 4, Woburn 0.

Now, "23," it's up to you to win that cup for good!

TRACK.

With a substantial number of veteran runners from which to choose, Winthrop High started early in the season to make its presence felt in track circles. The senior relay team, consisting of Captain Weibel, McKenney, Gore, and Lawler, gathered its first laurels in the Y. M. C. A. meet by pinning defeat on Gloucester. Late in January Winthrop was defeated by Browne and Nichols School and by Dummer Academy, chiefly because of Winthrop's lack of training.

In the Legion meet, held February 22nd, the relay team—composed of Weibel, Stockwell, McKenney and Lawler—was defeated by Hyde Park, the champion team of Boston, but finished way ahead of South Boston in the fastest race of the meet. Weibel was shut out in the semi-finals of the fifty-yard dash. Tasker and Flannery ran in the half-mile but failed to place.

Winthrop was among the leaders in the State meet on March 4th. Sam Weibel won his heat in the 60-yard dash, but was unable to place in the semi-finals. Jack Knell sprang a big surprise and walked away with the 35-yard dash for juniors. The senior relay team again brought Gloucester to its doom, and beat them by nearly forty yards. The junior relay team—consisting of Ward, Haley, Berry, and Levy—won the half-lap relay race on a foul. The intermediate relay team—composed of Ross, Kelly, Flannery

and Haynes—was outclassed in size and finished third. Grady, McKenney, Tasker and Higgins failed to qualify in their trial heats.

Winthrop entered a small team in the Boston College meet but scored no points. One of the most interesting dual meets of the year was that with Rindge Tech, on May 5th, when Winthrop nosed out its adversaries by a narrow margin, the score being 37 to 35. The final event of the meet was the quarter mile, in which Winthrop's only entry was Lawler. It looked as though Rindge would capture all three places, thus defeating Winthrop by a solitary point; but near the finish Lawler "turned on the juice full force" and crossed the line in third place, clinching the meet for us. Tasker won the 880, McKenney the broad jump, Weibel the dash, and Foote the mile. The first three also scored in other events, Weibel winning ten points.

On May 12th, Winthrop trounced its old friend Gloucester 68 to 40. Weibel scored 13 points. Weibel, McKenney and Lawler took first, second, and third places respectively in the 100 and 220. Stockwell won the high jump, Grady the broad jump, McClintock the shotput, Lawler the 440, Higgins the 660, and Knell the junior 50. It looks as if Gloucester didn't have a chance.

In the Harvard Interscholastic meet Weibel finished fourth in his heat in the hundred-yard dash, which was won by Norton of Exeter and clocked for 10 2-5 seconds. Tasker and Higgins finished well up in the half, which was won by O'Neil of Exeter in 4:26, equalling the long standing scholastic record for the event.

Winthrop also entered in the B. A. A. and the outdoor State meets and was awarded a good share of the points. It defeated Quincy with a score of 39 to 33.

Taking all in all, the track team fulfilled the highest expectations and had a very prosperous year. Mention should be made here of the conscientious and laudable manner in which the runners applied themselves to their training throughout the year. Often during the winter, when the track was rendered unserviceable by bad weather conditions, several of the boys went to Boston College to train. The results of their faithful training were quickly seen when the boys struck the cinders for the spring season.

Great praise should be attributed to Mr. Ronan who devoted a large part of his time to training the team, and who, only through



continual effort, succeeded in rounding into shape a team which ranked with the best in the scholastic world.

Captain Sam Weihel proved his worth as an able and efficient leader in being the heaviest scorer for Winthrop and in conducting the track team through the most successful season it has ever had.

Donald Rich of the Junior class was elected by the Athletic Association to succeed William Morrison as manager next year. The school loses few of its runners by graduation this spring, and the prospects for next year are brighter than ever before. Good luck to the track team!

BASEBALL.

The 1922 baseball season started off with a bang. Winthrop High, led by Captain Harry Benson and Manager Frank Mahaney, went down to Stage Fort Park, Gloucester, for the opening game in the North Shore League on April 19, and fell on Gloucester

High 13 to 0, in a contest that resulted in a "hatfest" for Winthrop. Richard Johnson pitched a masterly game and came within an ace of hurling a no-hit no-run game. Only one lone hit in the ninth inning spoiled his chance of entering the Winthrop Hall of Fame. Captain Benson, Ramsey and Gore played excellent ball in the field, while Stavredes and Russell hit away at will. The former parked the ball on the Gloucester beach for the first home run of the season.

Many a ball game is won on a break, and Swampscott High drew the lucky ticket in an eleven inning game played on Ingleside Park on April 21 and took the award home with them by 11 to 10. Winthrop played a fine brand of ball and led the Swampscott lads until the fateful seventh, when errors that were more or less expensive gave the visitors the lead. Winthrop tightened up and tied up the score in the ninth, and the game went two more sessions, then the break came, and Winthrop tasted its first defeat.

How bitter was the result of the next game with Lynn English, staged at Ingle-side Park, following the Swampscott game, that went to the visitors by 13 to 8. Two straight defeats was a hard dose, but the Lynn nine was a much better team and the veteran team got the decision. Winthrop,

Johnson had a fine team behind him when the bases were stuffed in the eleventh, and the Winthrop team pulled a beautiful double play. Score: Winthrop 11, Lynn 10.

On Saturday, May 29, Lynn English again won by a five run margin at Little River Playground, but this time the score was



although showing much improvement and better baseball, was simply outclassed. Winthrop had several chances to score, but lost them through poor headwork in not running out hits.

In the next game played at Lynn Classical on Wednesday, May 26, the Winthrop boys showed plenty of fight that lasted for eleven innings, enough to get the verdict. Our boys trailed the Lynn team for eight innings with a five run handicap. Timely hits in the ninth tied up the score, and the tenth found the same score on the board. Captain Benson and Ramsey both singled, and Mr. Clarke arrived just in time to see Bill Russell drive the two winning tallies home with a clean single to left field. Robinson started but had a severe case of aeroplaning and "Pep" Gudi and K. Johnson acted as relief pitchers.

somewhat smaller. Winthrop tried hard, and Fitzgerald and Ramsey played some sensational ball in the field; but when hits are hits they cannot be fielded. Stickels fanned no less than thirteen Winthrop batters, and the first twelve Winthrop batters went down by the strike-out route. Score: Lynn 3, Winthrop 8.

The one consolation in the licking that the English team gave us is that Classical took the short end of the two-game series and that class was lacking with the Lynn bunch. K. Johnson pitched a fine game on our own field on Wednesday, May 10, and allowed but six scattered hits. Winthrop started on its winning streak and it is hoped they will not stop. Score: Winthrop 6, Classical 2.

Beverly High was the next to face Winthrop on the local ball park, and they, too, fell victim to the all-around team work of the Winthrop ball tossers. Robinson again toed the mound for Winthrop and pitched fine ball, allowing but one pass and fanning seven men. Kellenburger, Gore, Benson and Fitzgerald led with the stick, and a total of fifteen hits was secured. Score: Winthrop 9, Beverly 3.

Did Winthrop get revenge for that 11 inning loss to Swampscott when the teams met in their second clash? Well, the best that Winthrop could do was to pile up nineteen runs at Jackson Field, Swampscott, while Kenneth Johnson held the Swampscott crowd to three hits. Johnson pitched a remarkable game and twelve Swampscott batters whiffed the breezes. Ramsey and Fitzgerald took the fielding honors and smeared many a line drive that won the praise of the Swampscott rooters. It was hard to tell just who hit the hardest for Winthrop as they batted around in the seventh and eighth innings. Captain Benson, Hazel, Ramsey and Fitzgerald hit away at will. "Nap" Stavredes, with the bases packed, counted his second four-ply hit of the season. Besides the home-run hit, Stavredes got two other singles. Winthrop 19-1.

Marblehead was the next to fall in Winthrop's path, and we again broke into the winning column at Marblehead on May 2. Stan Robinson, after losing two straight games, went in and hurled a fine game. The few hits that the "headers" got were not in bunches and Stan tightened in the pinches. Besides pitching a great game, Robinson drove in four runs with two safeties. Fitzgerald, Benson and Ramsey covered the diamond in masterly fashion and robbed a good many hits from the Marblehead nine. Winthrop 8, Marblehead 5.

Whether it was the absence of their captain and another member of the squad that took all the good baseball out of Winthrop, or whether they just needed the defeat to keep them in the game, will probably never be decided; but at any rate the Chelsea team took the second game of the series from Winthrop 6 to 4, on Wednesday, May 31, at Ingleside Park. The brilliant baseball by the Chelsea team completely outdid any Winthrop plays of the game.

Four double plays were registered by Chelsea, and all were "doubles" of high class. K. Johnson on the mound had rather an "off day" and was more or less liberal with passes and hits. Robinson went in, in the fifth, and held the visitors for the remainder of the game. Seven Chelsea men waved their bats from Robinson's delivery and could locate but three hits. Fitzgerald and Stavredes hit well, and Russell, acting captain, made some scintillating plays in the infield.

Poor old Revere! Another sting of defeat at the hands of their greatest rivals, Winthrop High. Not in three years—six games—did Revere win a baseball game from Winthrop. This time Revere got off somewhat easier, losing only by a two point margin; but that Winthrop 4, Revere 2 looks pretty good on paper. The game played at Revere on Friday, June 2, was well worth sitting through the hot muggy day. A remarkable feature of the game was that both sides could ring up but seven hits, five of which were Winthrop singles. Revere got two safeties in the first inning, that ended their hitting. Robinson turned in a mighty pretty bit of pitching, fanning 10 men, and issuing two walks. The Winthrop team played "heads up" ball and hustled for everything in sight. Kellenberger for Winthrop hooked up with three of the five hits and swung the stick with such effective results that he was moved up in the batting list. Revere drew first blood in the first inning, when on two hits and two errors they tallied two runs. The Winthrop session was retired in order. In the second frame Winthrop scored two counters with two down. Gore doubled and registered on Kellenberger's single. Robinson was passed, and Benson hit a "teaser" to short that fooled the fielder and Kellenberger scored while the shortstop was frantically trying to pick up the ball. The fourth ended the scoring for both sides when Stavredes "placed" one between first and second. Gore beat out a slow grounder and both scored on Kellenberger's timely clout. The only incident that marred the game in any way came in the way of an injury. "Bill Russell, playing his last game for Winthrop High, smashed a finger while trying to lay down a bunt. Hazel went in in his place. Get the habit, you ball tossers of '23. Trim the Revere bunch if nobody else.

HOO'S HOO and WY

JUNIOR CLASS.

Catherine Ahern, the poor unfortunate girl who always sits in the front seat.

Katherine Donovan, the most recent addition to the bobbed-haired sisters.

Tina Finkel, Wouldn't it be awful if Tina lost her tongue, or Freddy left school.

Georgeanna Gearhart, The champion songstress—and heartbreaker.

Mabel Isenberg, As long as Mabel is around, the theatres won't go bankrupt.

Mildred Lourie, The ardent worshiper at Penmanship's shrine—?

Vivian Moore, Heavens! Who needs to say anything about Viv? We all know her—and her antics.

Ethel Sanders, But speaking of brains, if you don't know anything, ask Ethel.

Stella Young, "Laugh and grow fat" doesn't apply to Stella. She laughs at anything and everything, but as for getting fat—take a good look!

Eleanor Hurley, She's a darn good kid.

Looking for "Tom" Abely? Just start an argument and you will find him.

Vivian Carr thinks swimming in April the height of an exciting time.

Just think—*Anita Bates* hasn't grown up yet. She still plays with a "Teddy"!

What a calamity it would be if *Esther Britt* couldn't say "Oh!"

Poor "Dot" can not stay a "Loane" very long in chemistry with those eyes and that sweet disposition.

Wouldn't you fall down and die if *Ruth Genepre* said, "get out of my way?"

Seems strange *Aliee Donavon* likes "Canton" crepe so well.

That's *Edna Muldoon*. Just try to make her sit still a few minutes.

Did you hear that loud "ha, ha"? Well, don't be frightened. It's only the "babe" in the *Mann* family.

Elsie Crooker was a bashful little maid until—

That's "Dot" *MacPherson*. Tell her a good joke and then listen to her "har, har, har."

Horace Wile, Horry, if you only knew how the folks of W. H. S. appreciate you and your singing you wouldn't be so bashful.

Thomas Flannery, Baseball has its Nick

Altrock—the stage has Fred Stone—the movies Charlie Chaplin—and Room 7 has all these combined in Tom.

Ted Lewis, We wonder if Ted will live up to reputations of his namesakes such as, "Strangler" Lewis the wrestler—Ted "Kid" Lewis the boxer—"Duffy" Lewis the ball player—and Ted Lewis that renowned jazz artist.

Abe Pransky, Pransky is our comedian. He certainly has real wit.

Clement Higgins, "Fliggy" has two ambitions in life—first, to find a yeastcake tree, and second to go flitting through life with a "B'ee."

Frank Gunn, If "Gunny" were only a girl, what chance would the pretty girls have of winning the title, "Miss Winthrop"?

Where would our football games be if *Theresa Nugent* failed to be among the cheerers?

Rosamond Barclay seems to be a second "Spectator."

Mary Kingsley is advertising for a menu that will make her grow.

Dorothy Eaton knows how to change the subject when someone talks about school.

Evangeline Crocker has a very weak voice but very strong knowledge.

Edwina Bears is shy when you ask her to show her talent in singing.

Either *Evelyn Farrell* or the Point Shirley Car is late mornings.

Esther Peterson, In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns—

No wonder "Bud" *Murray* likes chemistry; look at the number of nice looking girls that surround him.

"Al" *Grady* has a lot of superfluous verbosity.

Matilda Stone's motto must be, "Don't be caught hurrying."

First on the list we have Prof. *Roger Brown*. The professor has given up his former occupation as "Official French Translator," in order to study "Practical Psychology."

John Flinn is thinking of going out for track so that he may catch the elusive Point Shirley trolley more easily.

John Fulham believes in practising economy—at least if it applies to home-work.

Did you ever notice that musical smile on *William Robinson*? That is because Bill is learning to play the mandolin.

Try to argue with "*Lewis*" *Patrick*.

"*Rummy*" *Ramsay* finds an attraction in Point Shirley. Can it be the clams?

"*Flash Maskell*" is our walking example of "What the Young Man Will Wear."

Ask *Tom McLeod* where he gets all those passes to the Pit.

George Plakias has yet to learn the value of a study period.

Your spelling training of the grades does you good service, *Elmer Shattuck*.

We ask, "Will anyone ever catch up with *Edward Thomas* in mechanical drawing?"

And there's *Tom Tierney* (T. N. T.) a close contestant to Bill Walton for the office of class "staller."

Well, now, Miss *Eleanor Stahr*, is this review or advance?

Eleanor Plumer wishes Mr. Sowle would pass out paper.

Was it the witness of the testimony or the testimony's witness that witnessed *Elizabeth Sheehan's* mixup?

What would you do, *Hazel Ives*, if your fingers refused to snap when you forget the lesson?

If *Mildred Mann* ever lost that giggle we would want to lose her.

Harriet Segal loves to expound her ideas. English furnishes lots of em.

We hear that *Mary Gillespie* is going on the stage: Probably to tend stage door, as she practises daily.

Ruth Anderson is so inspired by the picture of "The Father of His Country" in Room 31 that she often forgets to write anything in English tests.

Ruth Anthony just wants to meet the person who invented college entrance Exams.

We are going to give *Roosevelt Boyd* a megaphone for use in Latin.

We can pick out *Margaret Sawyer* easily because she hasn't had her hair bobbed.

Alice Carsley doesn't need any new introductions for a few years after French Club initiation.

Bouquets are flying, Duck your head, *Robbie*, or you will get beamed.

We wonder what the attraction in Room 15 is, *Willard Felch*. Explain yourself.

Wentworth, Another one of those stage heroes. We wonder if he can make love off the stage, as well as he can on it. Can you, *Rolly*?

Rex, Dapper Dan!

A little advice, *Bony*, don't *Chace* the girls so much.

Sully loves to make the class laugh, no matter what the consequences are. What would he do at a funeral?

Wingersky, A perspiring mechanic, and aspiring student; Oh yeah!

When *McGunigle* tries to be funny he isn't, but, when he isn't trying, he is.

Hill's motto, "Slow but Sure!"

Glover, Coach Manter: "Glover what can you do best on the team?" *Glover*, "I can catch flies, sir." (Yeah, but what kind of flies?)

George Moore—Irrepressible, joyous, irresponsible; What a fine representative of Hart, Schaeffner and Marx *George* would make.

William Honan—alias "Nasty," our coming football star, is fond of reading, but we're thankful he doesn't play quarter-back (?) Ask Miss *Drew*, she knows.

James Esdaile—is a wizard at "stalling," a rare gift he vehemently utilizes in History. in spite of *Charles Jackson's* firm contradictions; the general could sell a perambulator to a confirmed bachelor. If you care for a good humorous story or a laughable joke, ask *Carl Wheeler*, who makes them more humorous by his facial contortions.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Max Gosule must be very well acquainted with the office force, for he has made many trips there this year for "doing nothing," as he said.

No, *Henry Halcy* isn't in a trance; he is "just thinking"; so don't disturb him.

With *Nancy Bangs*, *James Riley*, and *Marrion Gilman*, any room is kept in good spirits.

Helen Daily is quiet in class; but Oh boy! you should see her outside.

Jessie Stavredes' ambition is to be an artist's model. Ne'er lose courage, *Jessie*.

Edna Wood is "some" athlete. You ought to see her make ten yards.

Where *Irene Gunn* is, there is always light. Yes, red light too.

Hugh Hewitts has wonderful stories in English. Where do you get them "Hughie."

Joe King is an expert ballroom dancer. We understand he is going on *Keith's* circuit.

Alas, now we have our prodigy *Robert Merritt*; what he doesn't know!

"*Mel*" *Honne* is a star when it comes to football. But, Oh well, football's not all.

"Bob" Alofson, the naughty little boy of the class.

Hovey Rand is just like Wallace Reid. Oh how wonderful is Hovey when asleep!

Douglas has taken a four year course in Soph. English in order to pick out the errors made by Mr. Hitchcock in his grammar.

Mildred Brogan's translation usually ends up with a prolonged "oh."

Beatrice Brown and Lucille Nevers, The Siamese Twins have nothing on Bee and Lucille.

Helen Goldsmith, how many tops of pencils a year do you eat in Room 15?

It would be the eighth wonder of the world if Alice Hall ever stopped combing her hair.

Grace Mullaney is a doll, complete with a bow on her hair.

I wonder how many knitting needles Louise Sperber has worn out.

Eunice Swift, Une petite Tot.

Step up ladies and see Riley! Riley! The wonder man of the High School, James Riley.

Please don't run over Byron Wasson. He's fast asleep.

Richard Whorf's only ambition is to "trod the boards": Probably he will.

Richard Francis Canton looks just like an Arrow Collar advertisement.

While Virginia Drury is nervous, they say, If she don't stop getting thin, she'll soon fade away.

And Claire Hutchinson is so quiet and meek, That someone has said, "Does she ever speak?"

We now come to Olive with hair long and red, She's sometimes so quiet, you'd think she was dead.

And Dorothea Pratt, with hair somewhat brighter, Is known to the gang as a terrible fighter.

Margaret Smith, they'll never forget our dear little "Tinks!"

Robert Binnson must be a smart boy, for he regards French as a toy.

Francis Ward says, "These freshies get my goat."

Dick Johnson the great high school pitcher. He pitches excuses to Miss Blaisdell.

Charlie McCarthy "Hale and Hearty."

Albert Riley is so smart that he takes French apart.

Gauis Walls is gay when he spies "Gwenie."

Next we see Anita Dingwell the "Goddess of the Waves"; we can't knock her because we know they are natural.

Aha! here they are "The Gold-dust Twins," who prove to be none other than Hope Frankland and Irma Chase.

Lavinia Starkweather refuses to recite.

Dorothy Walker and "Connie" Tewksbury are both good girls and always know their lessons. That is the extent of our knowledge concerning them.

Last but not least is Clara Goldblatt, who we expect to see starring in drama.

Although Teddy Stockwell often goes fishing, he never forgets his "Bates."

I guess "Honey" Bostrom believes in "Ignorance is bliss."

"Bernie" Brogan is expecting a letter any day from "Miller Huggins" telling him to come to New York.

John Metcalf the "Ladies man."

Colby the "nightowl."

Lingley's answers in Physics usually are: "The book says so," or, "I never heard of it."

No wonder Wells gets high marks.

Allen—He'll soon be a teacher de Española.

Ginsberg—Is our class arguer. It's his middle name. Wait until he takes up law next year. He'll argue poor Mr. Ronan blue in the face. "Ginnsy" wins the tin dollar.

Maley—is a regular "Caruso." He goes through the hall singing best selections from "Ginsy's" orchestra. He even rivals our unrivalable Louis Patrick.

A. Schober—doesn't swallow the books much. She has brains in her feet, even, Just think!

Roslyn Frankenstein—She's small, but she's somewhere near the top of the class.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Margaret Foran. In history she is usually half awake, But when it comes to dancing, She always takes the cake.

Miss Kent has the honor of writing the best "long winded" oral theme in the class.

Arthur Bulfinch, an anchor is all you need, my boy, for your oral themes are quite all right when you're once secure in position.

Roger Titus, we have a suggestion for your future ambition!

Margaret Wallace, it must be wonderful to be smart like you, no studying, oh no, not much!

Winthrop Lyons, a primary class in spelling is the only hope for you!

Dorothy Pennic, "Silence is golden," that's

what we think of you in school. Don't deceive us!

Porter Webster, it's all a matter of destination isn't it? To class—a snail you go, to meet a girl—a rapid “loco.”

Dorothy Creighton “Red, red as a rose.” When her lesson she doesn't know.

The last fad that “*Dot*” *Russell* and “*Peggy McCann*” brought into the class was earrings.

Pauline Hansen has a vivid imagination. Remember the description of her oral composition “the man with the Palm Beach suit who wore a derby.”

Walter Baker, what color are your eyes? I've never seen them open.

Theodore Bears is always ready for an argument.

Will *Chandler Brown* ever stop answering “huh” and “yup”?

Joseph Doherty, you're not guilty are you?

Where did *Robert Egan* acquire that military pose? It isn't from gym (ask Mr. J. W. Manter).

Raymond Flannery, would that we had your charming smile! It gets the teachers all right.

Natalie Hoberman, the girl always wearing an innocent smile. Never mind, your size warrants it.

How did *Elmer King* learn to comb his hair so many ways?

We wish *Helen Kennedy* wouldn't yell so loud in her recitations. It might wake up some of the study pupils.

“Learn to smile” is *Helen Sullivan's* advice to all; and best of all she practices her advice.

Wellington or “*Dukie*” *Stewart* is a regular “Latin Shark.”

Charles B. Rice. Poor old “Bert” is not much of a flirt, but all old bachelors eventually kick up the dirt.

Herman McEachern, ain't he grand! like a piano.

Evangeline Jenkins, your bobbed hair is certainly becoming. But look out *Evangeline*, that the damp weather doesn't get you!

Clinton Reed, we congratulate you on your magnetic power, and we'll be envious when it attracts other pleasures than sessions.

Roger Titus, you certainly have queer ideas for one of your size. A pen or pencil often seems to serve you completely when a rattle is unavailable.

Marie Pimentel, tell us the secret of those pretty curls.

Dorothy Cusiter, the lass who still defies

the latest style of hair dressing by her bewitching curls.

Violette Ridgeway, what is that which adorns your brow? Ah! I perceive; it is a fishhook.

Charles Berry is quiet (?) a little fellow that combs his hair diligently every noon.

Raymond Sioffi, Ray's name in Italian means “handsome” Hmmmmmm,—well judge for yourself.

Mary Carnicelli and *Margurate Leviston* carry on a regular debating class in history.

We surely like *Elva Williams'* oral recitations, especially when we can understand them.

Geraldine Totman always has perfect recitations. How does she do it?

And now we come to *Edward Brumby* and although very small he is the biggest joke of our class.

Milton Brush and Mr. Watson are such good friends that Milton may be seen any day sitting in the front seat.

Phillip Cravetz is the one with the bushy hair.

Kenneth Hanson is the only original inventor of home-made Latin.

Melvin Johnson has been troubled with a radio bug.

Berand Basch just loves to argue with teachers but he never wins.

Salvadore Perone is our French shark.

Louis Racea is our future basketball star.

Johnny Roth's jokes are always greeted with a great uproar (coming) from him alone.

Remember, *Arthur Gordon*, when raising your hand in class, that that is a signal for recitation and not for the “next dance.”

Gordon McGrath the lad who is more interested in the complexities of the coiffures of his class than in the solution of arithmetic problems.

Don't worry, *John Harkins* and *Charles MacPhetres*, you know “great oaks from little acorns grow.”

Lillian King and *Laura Phillips*, the twin consiences for Freshman Bus. B.

You never seem to get those little yellow slips. No wonder you're “Happy” *Doane*.

If you happen to need a big wide grin apply to *Molly Priece*; she gives them away.

“R. U. A. Shifter,” You sure are a qualified number. *Dot Gaddis*, you shift your lessons, with great easiness, to the next fellow.

Yes isn't it horrid that they put such a grown up young lady in with the little freshies, *Lillian Harwick*.

Little *Alice Cunningham* just "adores" earrings, but don't you think they're rather big for a "Little Cuning Ham" like you, Alice?

Ruth Herbert's smile cannot be extinguished.

Vinecent Petrucci is the source of your pencils and pens the fruits of borrowing?

Marie Tewksberry is a great aid to the town. She helps to support the post on the corner of Pauline and Pleasant Sts.

Although one of the smallest in the class *Margaret Steele* puts up the biggest argument.

Edmund Morrison the class grinner adores memorizing. Ask Mr. Ronan.

"*Jackie*" *Kuell* will soon be "trodding the boards,"—or will he get a medal for a dash across the stage?

Surprise package—*Allan Currier*. Where does he get the brains? There's not room for many in his head.

Famous saying—"No, I didn't do my homework," by *Harriet Taylor*.

Fred Gillespie is carrying on the family banner. How many more are there, Fred?

What do you use on the old bean, *Hewitt*? Axle grease?

Edward Blossom, Mr. Manter's star pupil—(star-gazing).

"*Gertie*" *Stauford* is a relief from all those Freshmen.

The Freshman Class is lucky to have a good pal, a good sport, a good student, and a good musician, all wrapped up in little *Fred-die Martel*.

Why don't you do anything to be slammed about, *Helen Brousscau*?

Henry Brooks—"Angel Child."

Isn't *Rufus Madison* the sweetest little thing?

We won't hold your name against you, *McGarigle*.

Guy Lothrop—"Be different, have a laugh like mine."



ALUMNI

WHERE THE ALUMNI MAY BE FOUND

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Abbott Academy | Dartmouth College |
| Gwendolyn Bloomfield '19 | Chester McClintock '19 |
| Boston Art Museum School | Winthrop Nazro '19 |
| John Whorf '20 | Philip Segal '19 |
| Boston Normal School | Eliot Hall '19 |
| Eleanor Abely '20 | Emmanuel College |
| Sara Larkin '20 | Anna Fulham '19 |
| Catherine Herbert '19 | Dean Academy |
| Boston School of Physical Education | Harry Dean '20 |
| Ruth Sawtell '20 | Phillips Exeter Academy |
| Boston University | Frank Ross |
| College of Business Administration | General Electric School, Lynn |
| Benjamin Miller '20 | Norman Flye '19 |
| Arthur Brown '20 | Georgetown University |
| Fred Perlmutter '19 | Albert Mannix '19 |
| Norman Ford '20 | Gordon Barry '20 |
| College of Liberal Arts | Harvard University |
| Inez Wingersky '19 | George Murphy '20 |
| Ellamae Flynn '21 | Morris Marden '21 |
| Henrietta Perkins '21 | Fred Mullowney '21 |
| College of Secretarial Science | Leland Powers School of Oratory |
| Beatrice Carro '20 | Thelma Seibert '20 |
| Helen Dervan '20 | Esther Segal '20 |
| Elinor Doherty '20 | Mass. Agricultural College |
| Grace Gillespie '20 | Donald White '19 |
| Helen O'Toole '20 | Mass. Institute of Technology |
| Flora O'Toole '19 | Francis Galassi '20 |
| Vivian Smith '20 | Frank Hallam '20 |
| Iris Wingersky '20 | Stanley Stedfast '20 |
| Mary Lee '19 | George Devlin '19 |
| Agnes Sands '19 | Donald Gardner '19 |
| Gertrude Murphy '19 | Donald McNeil '21 |
| Bowdoin College | Harry Smith '21 |
| Crawford Churchill '20 | Stewart Perry '21 |
| Boston College | William Staples '21 |
| Francis Littleton '20 | Miss McClintock's School |
| Bradford Academy | Elizabeth Allen '20 |
| Dorothy Curtis '21 | Middlebury College |
| Burdett Business College | Elizabeth Gordon '20 |
| William E. Burke, Jr. '20 | Mt. Holyoke College |
| Ruth Kirk '20 | Jeannette Simpson '20 |
| Miss Capen's School | Margaret McIntyre '19 |
| Helen Curtis '20 | New England Conservatory of Music |
| Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg | Sadie Liberman '20 |
| Robert Nicholls '19 | Normal Art School |
| Chauncy Hall | Harold Lindergreen '20 |
| Fred Hutchinson '19 | Northeastern College |
| John Cronin '20 | Sanborn Strong '20 |
| Colby College | Lewis Swett '20 |
| Richard Pike '19 | Harold Wheeler '20 |

James Dempsey '19
Paul Hayes '19
Fred Holthaus '19
Laurence Jennings '19
Robert Bell '20
Kenenth Reid '21
Norwich University
Lewis Hill '20
Edwin Jenkins '20
Jack Lewis '20
Ohio Wesleyan
Irene Russell '20
Radcliffe College
Dorothy Littlefield '19
Salem Normal School
Annuncia Farina '19
Sargent Dramatic School
John Clayton '20
Sargent School
Barbara Johnson '19

Simmons College
Eva Band '20
Alice Porter '20
Ruth Sullivan '20
Smith College
Elizabeth Blandford '20
Tufts College
Charles Harris '20
George Kemp '20
Harold Sisson '20
Harry Spunt '20
Hyman White '20
Harry Daniels '19
Wellesley College
Louise Whittemore '20
Wentworth Institute
A. Terrile '20
West Point Military Academy
Frederick Howell '19
Wheaton College
Ruth Gordon '20





"The Echo" acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges.

"*The Colby Voice*," Colby Academy, New London, N. H.

"*The Golden Rod*," Quincy H. S., Quincy, Mass.

"*The High School Herald*," Westfield H. S., Westfield, Mass.

"*Lasell Leaves*," Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

"*The Monitor*," Wellesley H. S., Wellesley, Mass.

"*The Palmer*," Palmer H. S., Palmer, Mass.

"*The Peals*," Orange H. S., Orange, Mass.

"*The Quill*," Barret Manual Training H. S., Henderson, Ky.

"*The Red and Black*," Rogers H. S., Newport, R. I.

"*The Rensselaer Polytechnic*," Troy, N. Y.

"*The Red and Blue*," St. Joseph's H. S., Manchester, N. H.

"*The Red and Gray*," Lynn English H. S., Lynn, Mass.

"*The Round-Up*," Reading H. S., Reading, Mass.

"*The Semaphore*," Stoughton H. S., Stoughton, Mass.

"*The School Bell*," Big Stone Gap H. S., Big Stone Gap, Va.

"*The Student*," English H. S., Providence, R. I.

"*The Taconic*," Williamstown H. S., Williamstown, Mass.

"*M. H. S. Review*," Medford H. S., Medford, Mass.

"*The Carnegie Tartan*," Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Penn.

"*The Jabberwock*," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

"*The Purple and Gold*," Nute H. S., Milton, N. H.

"*The Western Star*," Western Junior H. S., West Somerville, Mass.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"*The Colby Voice*." Your magazine is excellent, but we think it could be improved by adding some stories.

"*The High School Herald*." Greetings to the "Herald," an enjoyable paper.

"*The Red and Gray*." Your editorials and stories are the best yet.

"*The Semaphore*." How does it feel to be on the "W. H. S. Echo" exchange list?

"*The Monitor*." This magazine has good short stories but the joke department could be improved by enlarging it.

"*The Palmer*." You publish remarkably good stories.

AS OTHERS SEE OUR BI-MONTHLY "ECHO."

"We are always looking forward to receiving your paper, and should be mighty disappointed if it didn't arrive! It is well written and the jokes are snappy." *The Golden Rod*.

"A snappy little weekly paper. All the departments are good, but why are they not larger? *The High School Herald*."

"Your ads could be arranged better. Otherwise a fine paper, indeed!" *The Quill*.

"An interesting little paper. The editorial 'Confidence' is very good. A peppy paper. 'Nuff said!" *Red and Black*.

"Your paper is one of the most interesting that has come to our table. We welcome you with outstretched arms. We read with interest the athletic notes, of which your paper has very many." *The Red & Blue*.

"You certainly have an ambitious paper. Maybe some of us wish that the Aeneid would be more like your 'The Big Crash.' " *The Round-Up*.

"Your paper is much appreciated. Please let it come again." *The Periscope*.

"Your paper is eagerly read in Pinkerton." *The Pinkerton Critic*.

COMMENCEMENT

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Parents and friends of the graduating class and members of the school committee: On behalf of the class of 1922 it is my pleasure to extend to you a cordial welcome to our class day exercises. This day marks for us the passing of our happy school days and the beginning of other days that mean so much to us. In our school days just past, we have grown up together, forming friendships and associations that will be the foundation of our business and social future. We therefore desire that these class day exercises may cement for all time, the friendship and associations thus made, and that this occasion will always linger in our memories. We ask you to enjoy the day with us and enter into the spirit of the occasion just as though you were one of us.

And now, my dear classmates, I know it is not necessary to remind you of the part we are to play in these exercises except to say, that everything today is done in a spirit of fun and good fellowship. Regardless of how you may be referred to, remember it is all in fun and no slight is intended, but go on the principle that every knock is a boost. We ought to be proud of this day and thankful that we are a part of it. I do not know how to describe it better than with the opening lines of George Cohen in his show, "The Tavern."

" 'Tis great to have been born to live a day like this."

JOHN GORE '22.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1922.

For ye who would recall

The memories dear of high school all,
We evoke the tongue of Father Time
To give ye forth the words sublime.

So Father Time, old man so sage,
We pray thee, of thy boundless age,
To bring to us those memories dear
Of days long past, of friends sincere.

(Father Time speaks in sepulchral tones)

Methinks I hear the call of mortal man
upon my earth below asking for knowledge
of the past. For him will I unveil the crys-

tal that he may gaze into its magic depths
and give to the world the wisdom hidden
there. Now will I take myself to mortal
sphere to satisfy the clamor of the throng.
Come ye mortals. Gather round about me,
the Father of all Time, to hear the knowl-
edge that ye wish.

The crystal shows me a scene four years
back in early fall. I see some young folks
laughing and chattering as they climb their
noisy way up the stairs to the grand assem-
bly hall. How strange the boys look as they
simper along the corridors, their long trous-
ers flapping in the breeze, "a world too
wide." The girls are very shy and demure
with their hair up for the first time.

December brings the Senior play "Tom
Pinch," which is joyously attended by the
first-year men. The year passes quickly,
and soon I see the midget freshmen attend-
ing their social "hop." Methinks ye strut-
ting swain are somewhat bashful for, in-
stead of escorting your fairest one upon your
gallant arm, you allow her to trip gaily along
a few feet in advance with a group of other
girls. Now the initial year is drawing to a
close and vacation time with all entrancing
arm beckons to light hearts to come and
play.

Summer flits by all too quickly, and again
in the Fall I see the self-same group ready to
take up the activities of the coming year.
These young ones are grown larger now and
their mental aspect has changed. Infinitely
wiser they are, and oh how vain! A Sopho-
more is the wisest and vainest being that
ever existed and he is not afraid to say so.
As I search more deeply into the crystal, I
perceive some boys perspiring profusely in
a nearby field. They are members of the
same class playing football. They are not
on the first team but quite evidently hope to
be some time. With Winter's arrival comes
the Senior classic, "The Prince Chap," which
is duly attended and appreciated by the
Sophomores.

The scene changes and now are seen the
girls and their escorts, braving the chill
winds of Spring to attend the Sophomore
dance. Inside the school on the gym floor
the merrymakers are gaily dancing under
the multi-colored canopy of decorations.
Now the year has passed, and youthful

hearts again are filled with dreams of all the pleasures that Summer can offer.

In the Fall our little Sophomores have reached the high estate of Juniors. The growing bud of wisdom has been instilled in them and now begins to blossom forth as a beautiful flower. At last the eternal weakness of the stronger sex is beginning to crop out. The corridors are never vacant during the recess periods but are cluttered up with Cupid's couples busily chatting together. Now I see the girls exuberantly celebrating, for they have just won the field hockey championship of Massachusetts. At last the girls are coming into their own in athletics.

The next event of importance is the Senior play "Green Stockings," which is well presented by members of the Senior class. Winter is fast approaching and bringing with it the Yule-Tide holidays, for which everyone is busily preparing. Christmas come and goes; Spring arrives, bringing with it aspirants for the baseball team. On flies time, and soon the song birds and the gentle warmth of the June sun are proclaiming the annual two months' vacation.

As all good things must, vacation comes to an all too sudden end, and once more the comrades are gathered together to finish the fourth and final year.

Now my crystal shows me the football team composed almost entirely of Seniors, for these at last have gained the honor they so long have sought. Yet it remains for the girls to bring honor to the high school by winning for the second time the field hockey championship.

Christmas time brings on the Senior dance, the social event of the year. Once more old friends gather together to worship joyfully the god of dance. My magic eye now shows a goodly crowd attending the Senior play, "Barbara Frietchie." The people say that it was the finest play ever presented by the school, and many certain calls testify to its popularity.

Springtime ushers in the baseball season and the finest team the school has had in years. It has been many a long year since a Senior class has been able to boast such a record as this team has made. Now I see

many of the school's would-be actors strenuously cavorting in the Senior Vaudeville entertainment before admiring eyes. The entertainment seems to be enjoyed by reason of the rounds of applause that sweep over the room.

With the arrival of June the Senior "Prom" is the center of interest. To most of the class it cannot but be a somewhat sad occasion, for it is a farewell dance, the last time that as a class the comrades shall dance together.

There now remains but one more event—graduation, the crowning glory of all. After four years of earnest toil I see the class receiving their diplomas, the just reward of their efforts. To this graduating class I all honor give, for they are about to take up the tasks that a failing generation has left for them.

It is most fitting that reference here be made to the untimely decease of two classmates, Gladys Jones and Elliot Johnson. Time can never take away the memories of our associations with them. We loved them; we cannot forget.

How different now does the crystal show the class that entered the high school four years ago. Then they were boys and girls; now they are men and women grown stalwart and strong, ready to take up life's battles. Years will pass, friends may die, but ever unto eternity shall these dear comrades remember the good fellowship that existed among them as the class of nineteen-twenty-two.

HAROLD TURNER '22.

Once a maid lost her strap,
And reclined in a bachelor's lap;
"O, pardon!" she cried;
And the monster replied:—
"Keep your seat—I'm a sociable chap!"

On Tuesdays in Miss Ackley's Junior French Class no one is allowed to speak a word of English unless he pays a fine of one sou (one cent). We won't have much left out of one week's allowance according to the way Miss Ackley goes "a mile a minute!"

CLASS PROPHECY OF 1922.

Last night was the 14th of June, 1935, just thirteen years since my High School Class Day. Well, after living safely through so many unlucky days, I thought I would celebrate by my favorite indoor sport, a seance. Stella Galassi had her studio on a nearby street; so I dropped in for an agreeable evening. The first thing Stella said to me, was, "How would you like to see the old bunch of 1922?" Stella, by the way, was one of my old classmates.

"Great," I answered, "I've often wondered what they would be doing after all this time."

She lost no time in getting started, and soon I was oblivious to everything except just what was being shown in the crystal. First there came to my view the seashore town of Winthrop, the old stamping grounds of '22. There in the Town Hall, a new one, by the way, sat Johnny Gore, still retaining his old Senior attitude, "I'd rather be first among the boneheads than Governor of Rhode Island." Johnny was the chairman of the Board of Selectmen. Believe it or not.

Suddenly I saw a great crowd of people get off the "Narrow Escape" and move in a body to River Road. I looked closer and saw John Barry, Presidential candidate, conducting a Home Town campaign in opposition to the Pink Tea campaign of Louise Murphy, the Women's Athletic Party's choice, Louise had been President for the last four years. They changed the age limits just to let her in, and she wanted the job again because she had to work so hard.

The scene shifted. This time to Snake Island where the new University has just been completed as the graduate school of Winthrop High School. Out there Bob Hazel was ably holding down the important position of dean, and Davis Belcher was teaching the leading subject, super-radio. Dot Schueler was teaching the only other subject, "Super-Psychosis." As I watched, Phil Ruskin entered one gate of the College playing the fiddle. He went straight across the flats and out the other gate, playing his way through college, as it were.

Over on Deer Island Dr. Deane Baker was experimenting with his anti-sleep serum. He had Laurie Bicknell and Dewey Olofson sleeping twenty-four hours a day. When they had been sleeping steadily for about a week, he took some of their blood and then

injected this serum into a human being. The result obtained was a sleepless individual.

Out in the Brewster's, Ted Atcherley and Charlotte Trowbridge, now starring in the movies, were working hard under the direction of Ken Sawin, writer, director, and producer. All Ken left for anybody else to do was watch it. On another part of the island "Montana Jim" Stokes was slumbering until time to go into the fray as the villain.

The scene slowly shifted to New York by way of Long Island, where Harold Turner was cleaning up all the golf championships with his new patented idea "Walkless Golf." At the same club Norm Kellenberger had just cleaned up Prince Ah-Chew of Japan for the Davis Cup.

The globe slowly turned and disclosed the college town of Princeton. It was Prom week and among the colorful crowd I saw the old inseparables, Ruthie Evans, Mary White, Dottie Donovan and Doris Enos, now confirmed "Prom Girls," on their way to the annual marble game with Oxford and Cambridge, and Dartmouth. Accompanying them were Bill MacKusick, captain of the English team; Wee McClintock, coach of the Dartmouth aggregation; and Bill Russel and Frank Mahaney, clean-up man and publicity expert respectively for the Princeton team. Over in the Gym was Howie Freeman with his "Ultra-Collegiate Dance Orchestra" of world wide radio fame.

Slowly the view travelled North to New York where it seemed that every other face was a familiar one. Down Broadway came Mildred Brittain, Helen Cammal, Verna Coffin, Florence Exley, Helen Flanagan and Eva Hannaford, on their way to a rehearsal of Ray Sullivan's new musical comedy "Ink." Right after them and headed for the same place came Ruth Colson, whose dancing had surprised the world and even excited a little applause out of a Boston audience.

In a musical store window a large sign announced that Celia Branz would sing selections from the latest opera, by radio, accompanied by Beulah Cooper on the piano.

Around the corner was a Bolshevik meeting conducted by Catherine Devlin, a walking delegate for the "International Order of Reddy Reds." She was clamoring for the release from jail of Kip Patterson, who had been incarcerated for whispering too loudly in a public library. Beatrice Abrams and Alice Ahearn, very busy doing nothing,

sauntered up to ask about the meeting. Viola Bostrom joined them and told them the latest developments on her 98th street milkweed farm.

Just then Ethel Brooks and Clara Brown came along on their way to the airdrome. They looked prosperous and indeed they were. The president had appointed them both to benches in the supreme court. With them were Doris Cuning and Marion Dealy, who were pilot and observer of the justices' airplane. Sadie Cherney, in overalls and grease, brought up the rear. She was a mechanic who came to tell the judges that their pet plane had sprained an ankle and couldn't fly.

Up at the City Hall Bunny Joyce, representative of the Hannibal Road Crusher Co., was bidding for a contract to put a rubber spring sidewalk in the middle of Broadway. Winthrop Gordon, the other contractor, advocated his new line of paper mache street car tracks.

Then the globe showed the office of the New York World. There in the editor's chair was "Hy" Silverstein and next to him, taking dictation by telephone was Bertha Alexander, his stenog. At the City Editor's desk was Art Davis, listening to the excited reports of June Eaton and Sid Blandford who had just come from the public performance of a great robbery.

At the Polo Grounds, Kenny Johnson was pitching sterling ball, and "Peanut" Benson, so-called because of his immense size, was so far errorless at second.

In the stands Mutt Bostrom was selling candy, peanuts and chewing gum to the starving spectators. Jimmy Foote was selling score cards for the people to draw pictures on. Down in front was Sam Branz, successor to Woolworth. With him as his guest was Hyman Ednas, maker of diamond rings to retail at a half a dime apiece. "You can't tell them from glass" is his business motto. Back of him was Jimmy Fraser who won the international nine-pin championship in 1934, and has been feasted and dined all over the world since.

The yachtsman, Breeze Freeman, owner of the contender for the cup, "Breeze II," was there with his family—you know, his father and mother and three brothers.

Over on one of the back streets was Mary Fielding's new physical examination parlor. There Ellen Haley and Sarah Foster were measuring the energy necessary to roll a stone down a fifty per cent grade. Augusta

Fingold stood near by at a table covered with apparatus, measuring the number of calories a person must eat a day to count money in a bank.

While this was going on, who should knock on the door but Davie Lavien, selling silk stockings. With him was Allen MacQuarrie an exponent of the other end of the business, selling snappy silk shirts for special occasions. Their chauffeur was George Lawler, who drove one of the new Smith Trucks.

Around the corner was Margaret Barter's school of elocution. There she taught children and others to speak.

Then slowly but surely the scene went to the Pennsylvania station, New York. There stood Madeline Anthony resplendent in her new uniform as train announcer. She was chatting with Mildred Burke who was behind a lunch counter. Nearby, in a light grey uniform, was Eleanor Daniels, the only woman R. R. Police in the country.

Alighting from a locomotive that just pulled in were the two Evelyns, Gillespie and Ingalls, who held the record for the fastest time between East Boston and New York. From her cramped position in a hundred and ten foot private car emerged Helen Fraser who was getting first hand information on her new book, "Roughing It by Rail."

Just getting on a train to Frisco was Joe McIntyre, manager and instructor of Sam McPhetres, world famous fast-dancer. With them and on the same vaudeville bill was Bill Morrison, champion track star—(railroad track). Mildred Frankenstein and Gertrude Ednas were touring the world speaking on the subject: "Shall we let the men vote again?" Ruth Gardner and Mary Hutchinson went along to write their lectures for them.

Just around the corner were Alice Haskell and Viola Harron, owners of the great "Haskon Line," guaranteed to be adaptable to any conversation. In the same building with these girls was Raymond Munro, owner of the new Munroboats, paddle, sail, push, or anything. With him as his publicity man was Willard Paine. Frank Perrone, of the Perrone Spaghetti Products Co., had his offices in the next building. Above him was Walter Peterson's school of art. "How Not to Draw" was the main subject.

Down in Greenwich Village in the "Orange Elephant Tea Room" were Margaret Knipe, proprietress; May King, queen of the models; Rose Liberman, teacher of "Painting,

Facial and Otherwise," Mary Lyons, movie actress; and Eleanor McLatchie, who was starring in "Bimmie Bay," opposite Bud Tasker, the dancer.

At the New York Opera House is the Russian Ballet starring the great actress, Mabel Mitchell. In the ballet proper were Dot Miskelly, Marie McCann, Sadie Nickerson and Margaret Munro.

Now the scene takes another cross-country run to Boston, where the first figure we see is that of Al Saunders, directing traffic six ways in Copley Square. As we watch, he pinches Al Smith and Howie Winterbottom for racing down Boylston Street in their Sputz cars.

Out of the Copley Plaza comes strolling a pleasant group headed by Harold Young, a wealthy financier, and made up of Alton Wells, a loan shark, and Doris Orpin and Helen Murljacich, two State secretaries who were taking down every word Young said to use as possible evidence in his three simultaneous divorce suits. Anna Nathanson was strolling along behind with a camera to get a few closeups of the group for the evening "Moon."

Over on the common Mary Lochhead is having a hard time helping Mildred Levine to keep the baby carriage traffic in order.

In the Little Building is Albina Marotta, advance agent for Mary Nugent, who is making a campaign to furnish overcoats to the freezing Africans. Downstairs are Elsa Pearson and Doris Pendleton in their model lunch room, with emergency hospital combined. Rae Perlmutter, Marion Phipps, and Dot Rigg were working in Slattey's showing the newest gowns and such. Ada Rosenberg was selling pencils outside of St. Paul's Cathedral, where Florence Pennie had her news stand. Down Tremont Street came Edith Stewart, Bernice Smith and Florence Royle on their way to the theatre. Ruth Swift and Ethel Smith, hardened first nighters, were on their way to see the new show "Manhattan Isle," in which Bessie Wessels and Daisy Whitman had important parts in the second row of the chorus.

Minerva Whittier, a scribe for the "Traveler," was watching Katherine Welton, the "Human Fly," climb the Oliver Ditson Building without the use of her hands.

Just around the corner in Winter Street was the new office of Frank Savel, Consolidated Junk, Inc. Beneath him was Johnny Raynes, premier banjo artist on Keith's Circuit. Sid Stevenson and Nap Stavredes

were visiting with Johnny and trying out for the summer's contract at Jeffries Point.

As I saw that picture fade out of the crystal, the medium said, "That's all of the class that I can find. The others are either too far away or too near. Five dollars, please."

I paid her the five, and as I was going out of the door ran into Elizabeth Whittemore and Frances Wormhood.

"You mean old thing!" they said in unison. "You're queering our game. We wanted to write the class prophecy, but you've stolen the only real good idea," and Elizabeth hit me over the head with her umbrella.

Oh, what a pain in my head! and how chilly I am! Why, I'm on the floor! It's dark. My room-mate is saying, "For goodness sake, will you get back into bed and stop your raving about your dear classmates?"

So I turned in again and went to sleep.

All a dream.

HOWLAND FREEMAN '22.

THE GIRL OF TODAY: HER IDEALS.

I am a sincere believer in the fact that the greater part of our fictitious "Follies" are the product of the minds of the people at large. I agree entirely with the person who said, "Five years ago the subject of all fervid discussions was 'The Modern Girl.' " Like all other topics which are taken up by the public in general, we are condemned and excused almost at random.

But who is better prepared to discuss the question of the girl of today than we girls, ourselves? Do we not know better than anyone else what our true selves are? Admitting we do appear independent and have our own little idiosyncrasies as did the girls of the past generations, is that any reason why people who do not know should undervalue our true character?

When you say that you did not have the freedom that we have when you were our age, do you stop to think that the world about you did not move as swiftly as it does now? Fifty years ago people discouraged all of our modern inventions. Anything that they were not used to was foolish, and should not be allowed to go on, and it is the same way now. If the present day fashions are the product of the minds of the same generation that produced all of our marvels of science and invention, is it not safe to say that they are just as much for the ben-

efit of the generation to come as all these modern wonders are?

There is such a hopelessly large collection of magazine and newspaper articles, vindications and condemnations, but they all lead to the same goal, be littling the ideals and ambitions of the girl of today. If the people who write these defend us, the best defence they seem able to offer is either that we are young and irresponsible or that some one else is to blame for what we do.

We girls of today consider the past, present and future. We take the mistakes of the past generation, and we see that these mistakes are not made in our lives. We are determined to know all sides of every question, and as much as we can of the world beyond our immediate range of vision, so that when the great questions of life come before us we will not be driven blindly by the varied opinions of a past generation, but that we may think and consider what we consider the right direction.

In this manner we are also thinking about planning and preparing for the future. We are studying to see what the needs of the generations to come may be, and with a faith in ideals such as the girl of today possesses, we cannot fail.

But then comes the worse menace to our highest ideals and our truest hopes and ambitions, Distrust. Is all our faith and strength of purpose to be stolen from us by distrust? It is this very spirit of suspicion on the part of the older generation that will undermine the very foundations of our desire to represent the finest and noblest generation of true womanhood that the world has ever known.

We are not courting notoriety as a great many people seem to think. On the contrary, we want to study our problems by ourselves and to be left alone. Perhaps this is the reason for all our misleading outward appearances. If we take pleasure in dressing fashionably and comfortably, surely this is a pastime which is above condemnation. If you would take into consideration the great contrast in the amount of vitality in the girls of today and the girls of yesterday; if you would think of the tremendous importance which the love of sports of all kinds has gained in the lives of this young generation; the health, vitality and appreciation of nature and freedom that these impart to us, you might not condemn our free and comfortable mode of dressing. You

would appreciate the fact that we are not creating fashions which will attract attention, but that we are endeavoring to combine economically into simple costumes all the qualities which our needs as healthy lovers of sport, scholars, or girls of the business world demand.

We feel that criticisms set against us are superfluous, and we resent them for many reasons. We have faith in our own standards and in those who we know are backing us. If you criticize our ideals you criticize our parents, particularly our mothers, who are the real source of every high and noble ambition that we have. When they have shown by word or sign that they approve of our conduct, every effort to condemn our actions is resented by us as a direct assault on the standards and opinions of those by whom they have been sanctioned.

When comparing the many "follies" of to-day with the "good old days" always think of this before you judge; that "Souls do not change; it is only fashions."

CHARLOTTE TROWBRIDGE '22.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

What honor is there in this great world that can surpass the privilege of being an American citizen? Only while considering other countries, especially in these critical and precarious times, can we realize the full significance and greatness of that title with which we are endowed. America upholds the most sublime principles of democracy—the principles of freedom and liberty. Her standards form the criterion for the world.

Centuries ago, before this continent was known, a man could haughtily say, "I am a Persian," or a man might boast, "I am a Roman; but how little weight have these empty vaunts now, and where are these powers which at one time ruled the world? They fell from their lofty pinnacles long ago, fell simply because they lacked American principles of freedom and liberty, and American ideals.

America holds the most honored and esteemed place among nations, and is indeed equal to the position. America is the stronghold of humanity. It stands out as a shining beacon to unfortunate voyagers on the perilous sea of life. It is the refuge for the oppressed. It is the refuge for victims of the tyrannical rule of despotism, and for all who, in their own lands, suffer the pri-

vation of liberties which only an American may enjoy. Ever since the time when the word "America" signified only thirteen little colonies under the harsh rule of England, the love of freedom has been the predominating trait of the people of this nation. Our land is the land of the free.

We read in history, of the wonderful character of the Athenian in civic life, wonderful because of his high ideals of citizenship. Upon becoming a citizen, an Athenian youth took an oath, vowing to bring no disgrace upon his city, but to transmit it to his posterity better, more beautiful, and greater than when he found it. What an ideal for the American youth! If every American boy and girl took a similar oath, what a brilliant future our nation would have!

American principles are cherished above all worthy possessions by American citizens. In the Declaration of Independence, a document drawn up by our forefathers, and expounding the true American views of democracy, we read, "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness." That is the American creed. Our forefathers fought for those ideals, which have lived after them as the fruits of their labor. Generation after generation has toiled, served, and even sacrificed in order that those ideals might exist. In the recent World War we saw the American principles of freedom extended into Europe. At the thought of losing their liberty at the hands of the ruthless Germans, the countries of Europe immediately rose up and repelled the invading hordes.

American citizenship now carries with it graver duties and responsibilities than ever before. The very greatness of our nation imperils its situation. Its lofty position, the steadfast, invulnerable foundation on which it so firmly stands, the sacred devotion and loyalty of its citizens—all incur the envy of invidious countries, and the secret desire for its downfall. As soldiers of humanity, American citizens must uphold the honor and glory of their nation, and present a stout bulwark of ardent patriotism in opposition to those pernicious animosities.

Patriotism is not necessarily a product of war. At the thought of oppression by a formidable adversary, a tremor runs through the heart of a nation. Its citizens, incited by martial agents, rally immediately to the call for patriots and exert them-

selves to the utmost in an effort to bear their country safely through the crisis. Cheerfully they serve and sacrifice for the nation's cause. By no means can we deny that this is patriotism. It indeed is. But a far deeper devotion and love must be in the heart of a citizen to serve his country in the everyday walks of life in time of peace, when so many acts of patriotism pass by unnoticed, than when the roll of drums and the martial blare of trumpets stir our emotions.

A nation is composed of individuals. In other words, the individual makes the nation. If the individual neglects to maintain the American principles and ideals which his forefathers so valiantly preserved, he is failing in his duty as a citizen of the United States of America. As a result, America will lose its honor; it will fall from its enviable status; its illustrious fame will cease to ring over the earth; the mighty foundations of the greatest democracy of the world will tremble and sink into the dust, and the name of "America" into oblivion.

How shall we determine the greatness of a nation? By the amount of territory that it possesses? Because a country occupies a large space on a map, are we to judge that nation as great? Unfortunately, we may too readily find numerous instances which show the grave fallacy of such a manner of deduction. Indeed, a nation with its citizens scattered to the four corners of the earth can hardly be expected to receive the fervent devotion of its citizens.

May we interpret a nation's greatness by its power? Is greatness synonymous with power, acquired through the selfish, vain ambitions of a few leaders of a country, at the expense and sacrifice of its pacific and submissive citizens? Power is insatiable. It drives the country before it in its blind course, to end finally in despotism and misery at the hands of avaricious tyrants who have been impelled onward by their own reckless greed for power.

Does wealth determine a nation's greatness? Wealth too often drags in its shining, disastrous track ruin and discontent. Too often wealth causes strife and contention among the citizens of a country. Again, wealth, as all other earthly things, is fleeting and uncertain, bearing only anxiety and distress to its possessors.

Thus we see that neither magnitude, potency, nor wealth determines a nation's greatness. They are but outward signs.

The true greatness of a nation lies in the strength of character of the individual citizens who compose the nation. It is by the character of the individual that we measure the greatness of a country. The men and women, boys and girls are the community, the state, and the nation. If they are loyal citizens, upholding the principles of American democracy to the best of their ability, they are advancing the interests of their country, and are adding to the glory and integrity of America in the eyes of the world.

As citizens of America, we should be proud of our nation, proud of its glorious achievements, proud of its peerless position among the countries of the earth, but, most of all, proud to be heirs to such a great land and to liberties such as are unequalled in any other part of the universe. America's future is in our hands. Whether we profit today by opportunities to benefit our country, develop our character, through loyal service and co-operation in advancing the best interests of this great nation, will determine the America of tomorrow. Hence, let us resolve to do our share, so that in years to come, our descendants of coming generations may look to us as examples of true, patriotic American citizens, and that when they see the gleaming stars and stripes floating high in the breezes, whether in time of war or in peace, they may look upon them with sparkling eyes and with love of country fixed deep in their hearts, and each one proudly say, "I am an American citizen."

JOHN R. BARRY '22.

CHARACTER.

A good character is the greatest possession one can have, and the most precious heritage which one can leave. It will always be esteemed during life, and revered after death. It is what you might call the rudder in the ship of life in one's existence on this earth. It is like the most precious jewel that can be worn. A good character radiates like the sun-beam from the heavens and always gives happiness to those who possess it. It is the standard bearer of confidence to those with whom one has dealings, in social, financial, or other activities. It is like the sparkling waters of the spring for it gives refreshment to those who seek it, and it is the compass which will pilot one through life to the safest ports of honor and success.

Character is formulated in our early childhood and develops rapidly as time goes on throughout our whole life. He who possesses a good character is far richer than he who has accumulated only great wealth, or attained high social or political standing. It can illuminate the soul to the brightness of the sun, or it can be dimmed and injured by the formation of evil habits.

The child upon coming to the age of reason is taught habits and speech which mould its character, and the next step is the development of that character by training and education. As the child grows into youth, and then into womanhood or manhood, that character is further developed to such a marked degree that it shines before the world as the standard by which that person is weighed and measured.

Good character is one of the predominant factors in school life, and asserts itself especially among the students on the athletic field as well as in the school-room. Those with a good character command the respect of their teachers and fellow students, and it is the means of creating benefits and friendships which last forever.

A good character has always been recognized as the supreme virtue by all the great preachers and writers, and they have impressed upon the world the necessity of those qualities for the highest ideals of citizenship and the advancement of civilization.

On the contrary, character may be dimmed and blemished by conduct, associations, and practices. It may be blackened and tarnished as one goes through life and be the means of bringing to him destruction and moral ruin. A person with a bad character is always under suspicion and looked on with contempt,—with fear and disgust, and never worthy of confidence. Such a person is a human prey upon society and shunned by those with high ideals. His habits and practices are such as to create nothing but distrust. He has no standard in moral, financial or social circles except with those of his own level. Instead of inspiring confidence and respect, he is generally a burden and a menace to society. He is lacking in all the essentials which go to make up a full and complete man, and invariably, by the formation of vicious habits and practices, brings remorse and ruin to himself.

The people who first settled upon our shores and established a government, the

best the world has ever known, were noted primarily for their sturdy and upright character, and from the time of these early settlers to the present, the representative leaders of this great country of ours have been men and women of the highest and strongest character,—leaders who have controlled and shaped the destinies of our great nation.

The character of a nation is judged by the character of her people. It should, therefore, always be the greatest aim of each and every individual who is anxious to maintain the highest and best citizenship of this glorious country of ours, regardless of race or color, to develop and preserve all those virtues and principles which will insure the best, the noblest, and the strongest of character.

CLARA M. BROWN.

EFFICIENCY.

When war broke out between the United States and Spain, President McKinley found it necessary that he communicate with the leader of the insurgents, Garcia by name. At that time Garcia was concealed in the mountain-passes of Cuba where neither mail nor telegraph could reach him. Someone suggested that a fellow by the name of Rowan be sent upon this perilous mission, because, if anyone could reach Garcia, Rowan could! Accordingly, Rowan was sent, and Rowan did deliver that message.

Thus Hubbard cites the efficient man, in his, "Message to Garcia."

The point in this story which I wish to emphasize is this:—Rowan was given a letter to deliver. He did not ask, "Where is Garcia?" or any other useless question; but went right to his task, and accomplished it gloriously! Rowan was an efficient man!

But, you may ask, what is efficiency and who is the efficient man? The efficient man is the industrious, competent, observant man, and efficiency is the utilization of those faculties which God has given us to the best of our abilities.

Some people think that efficiency is some grotesque figure of theory, or the pet term of some fanatical orator. Such people have been mislead. For instance, I cite efficiency in its simplest form:—Mother butters the pieplate before putting the makings of a pie therein. A fine, appetizing pie results. It is needless to narrate the result if Mother

had not observed this very simple form of efficiency.

Of course, the business world offers more opportunities for the employment of efficiency. For instance:—Mr. Brown asks one of his employees to look up the account of Jones. If that employee is efficient, the account of Jones will be found promptly. If he is not—well it means a long list of questions for his boss to answer; such as "What drawer shall I look in?" "When did he buy the goods?" "Do you mean Jones or Smith?" Wouldn't you crave for an efficient man if you were that boss? Certainly you would!

In grandfather's day, it was a tedious task to climb seven flights of stairs to the household department of a department store. To-day we shoot through space in an elevator—another triumph of efficiency and the efficient man.

You have doubtless observed that the tools of efficiency are but "tricks of trade." 'Tis true. But why is it that some women cannot put a whole cake on the table? Why is it that some men cannot hold a job? Why is it that some children progress more rapidly in school than others? Simply because the person thus deficient has preferred to stay in the same old rut rather than to try to better himself!

Like everything else in this world, efficiency is not handed out on a silver platter. Quite to the contrary, it is by personal observation and by the correction of one's faults, that efficiency is gained.

In very complicated problems in the factory where efficiency means the greatest possible production with the least possible expenditure of energy and money, efficiency experts are employed who have spent years of study in the field of "short cuts," and "tricks of trade,"—so-called. Nevertheless, when summoned to a factory, they do not strut thru its rooms and diagnose the "defect" as "chronic lazyitis," or any other ridiculous ailment. No,—they question the workmen, test parts of machinery and apply common sense to that which they have observed!

Therefore, in view of all the foregoing illustrations and explanations I ask, "What wide-awake American citizen, knowing the worth of efficiency, would hesitate to adopt its principles?" I may safely say none!

Prepare yourself now, so that when the opportunity comes to you to deliver that "Message to Garcia," you will be as efficient as Rowan was! PHILIP RUSKIN '22.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

Theodore Roosevelt has been quoted as saying, "In 1880 I was graduated from Harvard College, and then began my education." Perhaps some people would consider that this was meant as a good-natured satire on Harvard, but the career of Theodore Roosevelt would make it entirely safe to assume that college life is valuable, not so much for what the graduate knows, as for what he will be able to learn. At the time of graduation from college, one cannot understand life truly, but because of the lessons that he has learned at college he will be able to understand more thoroughly his experiences in the years to come. Perhaps this is the subtle meaning that is hidden in our habit of calling the end of college life, "commencement."

I do not mean to imply that great things are not achieved by those people who have not had a college education, for life is a university. Without the college education, however, knowledge must be picked up by bits all through life. This is the longest and most costly way. College training gives some of this in a short period of time, and saves the individual very many mistakes.

There are three classes of young people that possibly should not have higher training. First, the person who finds it economically out of the question. There are few of these, indeed, for the means of making one's way through college are so numerous as to make a higher education accessible to nearly everyone. Second, those who could never lead, but who would be capable of doing good work under direction. Third, those who are not generous-minded. In some ways higher culture is not democratic and narrow-minded people would not gain by a liberal training.

By convincing statistics, the United States Bureau of Education has proved that college students receive the largest salaries and most frequently attain distinction. The great majority of college students go into commercial and industrial enterprises. Business concerns need men who can think straight, and it is found that college men have received the training to do this better than those who have not had their advantages.

A man says that he must have college graduates for secretaries, because others do not have the adaptability or are not able to interview visitors. Adaptability and

poise help a great deal in this struggle to earn one's living. James Russell Lowell once said to an audience of undergraduates, "I have only this one message to leave with you. In all your work in college, never lose sight of the reason why you have come here. It is not that you may get something by which to earn your bread, but that every mouthful of bread may be the sweeter to your taste."

Furthermore, life would mean little if there were nothing but work in it. There must be some people in a community to lead the social activities while the rest follow them. The government of the towns and cities needs all the aid it can get to carry on the affairs of the section in a satisfactory manner. At college one gains the training that will enhance his ability to live happily with others as a neighbor and citizen.

Many lasting friendships are made through college. One has the advantage of meeting people from all parts of America and from foreign countries and of exchanging ideas with them. In this way the pride of provincialism is bound to be lost, as one hears what wonderful things there are in other parts of the world.

Former President Hyde of Bowdoin College has left this classical enumeration of what an individual gains by going to college,—“To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of one's own; to carry the keys of the world's library in one's pocket, and feel its resources behind one in whatever task he undertakes; to make hosts of friends in all walks of life; to lose oneself in generous enthusiasms and co-operate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen; and to form character under professors who are Christians,—these are the returns of a college for the best four years of one's life.”

MINERVA WHITTIER '22.

CO-OPERATION.

Man is a social animal. His well-being is dependent upon his friendships, his associations. And thus it is that he has developed the present civilization through thousands of years, from the crudest, humblest beginnings. Thus, also, it is that he has been able to subdue the wild beasts about him. His very desire for companionship has

caused him to form organized government by which man and man may live side by side with the greatest possible freedom; this same instinct has caused him to create organized industry, so that natural products, combined with human labor, give forth, to their fullest extent, subsistence to mankind.

So powerful is this natural instinct that any attempt to suppress it is followed by ruinous results. Witness the case of China,—proud, ancient China, from which the whole world could once have derived advanced knowledge in many branches of science. Centuries ago the gates of that great empire were closed to the world; and when they were reopened, at a comparatively recent date, lo! China was centuries **behind** the rest of the world in nearly every respect!

Witness the case of Russia. M. Tchicherin, the Bolshevik foreign minister, tells that the boycott on Russian commerce and industry is threatening his country with ruin. In his plea for recognition at the Genoa Conference recently, he stated that Russia desired and **needed** nothing more than the association with and the co-operation of the rest of the world!

Among individuals the influence of co-operation is particularly keen. The clubs, whist parties, dances, banquets and other numerous forms of social gatherings all contribute to the joy of living.

It was just that lack of co-operation which caused the great wars in history—the Roman wars, the Napoleonic wars, the Revolutionary and the Civil wars—and the recent World War, with its huge toll of human lives and works.

The recent stagnation in business and much of the unemployment were the results of the refusal of Capital and Labor to co-operate. The disarmament conference at Washington was the direct outcome of the friction between the nations of the world. Statesmen present at that conference stressed the supreme importance of co-operation and unity in the settlement of future differences.

All of us in our hearts hope and pray that war may be abolished forever. Most of us believe that the limitation of armament is the key to permanent peace. But very few realize that **whole-hearted** co-operation and **freedom** of association on the part of all nations would lock the war god behind the bars forever.

This co-operation—this freedom from restraint, of our natural instinct of association, is the only means by which civilization and humanity may exist and advance. It is the antidote for the poison of the human greed and selfishness, which cause the most destructive of wars, and the sorriest of misfortunes.

Just as an army is as trustworthy and efficient as each of its individual soldiers, so mankind will advance in proportion to the progress of each person. And by what better means can universal friendship and association be established than that everyone travel along the stern pathway of life, smiling and pleasant where the road is smooth; grinning and enduring where the path is rough—and friendly and congenial everywhere!

HYMEN SILVERSTEIN '22.

ORGANIZED SPORTS FOR WOMEN.

Until quite recently, women have played very little part in the athletic world. However, many schools have been established for the training of instructors in physical training, and high schools have begun to take up the matter of physical education seriously. Heretofore it was thought that by reading a book on physical education one would be able to teach all that was necessary; but because of the value of this sort of training, and as it can readily be seen that this subject is an important one, it should be taught only by capable instructors.

Few people realize the scope of physical education. At the present time it includes such sports as baseball, basketball, field hockey, swimming, and track, as well as gymnasium work.

A discussion of this subject from the view of the ethical value of sports for women is rather an interesting one. It involves two considerations which should be clear to all those who instruct in sports; first, the value to the individual; and second, the value to the community. Very few people understand the importance of the latter, which really hinges on the former. For sports develop the best in a person, thereby helping raise the standard of the community.

In order to develop games for women for the good of both individual and community, different principles from those carried out in men's sports must be used, for sports are conducted to better fit a woman for her place in life, not to make her a member of

a championship team nor a record breaker. The keynote of women's sports should be the joy and the fun of playing, not the "win at any cost" spirit. A certain amount of determination to win is a good thing, but when this overshadows the real sport of the game, it is time to stop that game.

Aside from the physical and ethical value of organized sports, we should consider the aesthetic and psychological benefits. The aesthetic value of games is shown in improved personal appearance and habits which help to contribute to a high standard of living. The psychological side treats of the strengthening of the mental and moral qualities. Success in life is based upon competition. If a woman is not mentally alert she will never attain a high position in life, and likewise if she is not morally clean, she will not attain success. Perhaps the hardest qualities to develop are those of attention and concentration. When a girl is first learning to play a game, usually more than half of her mind is on something else. Consequently, when the rules are read, she is not paying attention and does not apprehend them. As the game proceeds she commits countless fouls because she has not heard the restrictions placed upon her. However, after a period of training, the most heedless girl can become a steady player. Steadiness becomes a habit and is made evident in the girl's business life.

The basis of all games is team work. It is far better to have a team who play together well than to have girls who know nothing about team work, but rely on one outstanding star. In order to make a good player, a girl must be unselfish. That is, she must be willing to pass up personal glory for team work.

By all means, girls should be instructed to play fairly. "Rather win a game fairly than defeat the greatest opponent by unfair play,"

should be the slogan. There is no training which girls need more than that which cultivates a sense of honor and loyalty. Games do a great deal to develop these qualities. Since there are so many varieties of athletic activities, every girl should be able to find the sport which would best be adapted to her both physically and mentally.

Although sports do not train every trait of character, I believe that organized sports for women, when put on a proper basis and supervised by intelligent instructors, will do more for the training of the moral character than any other course of instruction.

Valedictory.

Classmates:

During our school years we have been doing our best to play the game of life fairly and squarely. We have attained success as a class because we have worked together, doing "team work." We owe much to our teachers who have helped us on our way by setting for us these standards of good sportsmanship: fairness, honesty, and loyalty. The time has now come when we will go forth and fit ourselves into new teams. Those who go to college will become members of newness will become a part of some organizations; while those who take up business in some phase of business life. We must continue to keep in mind the ideals of sportsmanship upheld by the school, for these ideals apply equally well in the game of life.

"This is the word that year by year,

While in her place the School is set,

Every one of her sons must hear,

And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind

Bear through life like a torch in flame,

And falling fling to the host behind—

'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

MARY LOCHHEAD '22.



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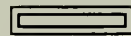
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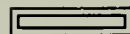
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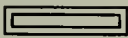
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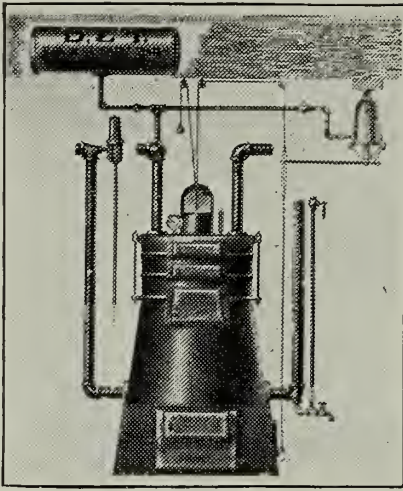
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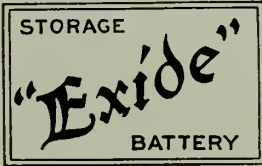
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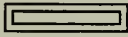
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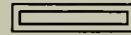


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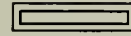
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Winthrop Trust Company

WINTHROP, MASS.

CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 5, 1922

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Time Loans	\$ 581,079.15	Capital	\$ 100,000.00
Demand Loans	120,446.72	Surplus and	
Bank Building		Undivided	
and Vault	30,975.87	Earnings	55,885.37
U. S. and Muni-		Reserved for	
cipal Bonds ...	134,141.94	Taxes	2,211.10
Investments	445,578.74	Deposits	1,271,724.25
Cash and due			
from Banks ...	117,598.30		
	<u>\$1,429,820.72</u>		<u>\$1,429,820.72</u>

DEPOSITS GO ON INTEREST IN OUR SAVINGS
DEPARTMENT JULY 1st

Last Dividend at the rate of

5%

Deposits received from 9 a. m. until 6 p. m.; Wednesday
evenings from 7 until 8:30 p. m. Money paid out from 9
a. m. until 3 p. m. We close at 12 noon on Saturdays.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES—\$5, \$10, \$15 PER YEAR

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Wm. Mann & Co., Importers
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Town Treasurer, Winthrop
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Page & Baker, Boston
HENRY A. ROOT, Retired
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Richards & Co., Boston
JOHN H. TOTMAN
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ELI B. TASKER, Salesman
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